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LORD PALMERSTON IN YORKSHIRE.

LORD PALMERSTON has passed through his Yorkshire tour with characteristic tact and success. A few years ago, Lord JOHN RUSSELL and two or three other eminent politicians had made mechanics' institutes and similar establishments slightly absurd, by their inveterate determination to lecture promiscuous audiences on miscellaneous subjects. The provincial admirers who came to learn were here and there beginning to scoff at Ministers who attributed either omniscience to themselves or unaccountable ignorance to those whom they unnecessarily professed to instruct. The real motive which collects crowds round a lecturing statesman is a natural curiosity to see and to hear a popular or famous personage. Celebrated writers have recently made a trade of exhibiting themselves in America, on the pretext of reading their compositions in public. A Premier or Secretary of State can scarcely charge five shillings for admittance; but the flattery which he receives, and the personal influence which he sometimes strengthens, form an equally valuable equivalent for the trouble of an occasional public display. The attraction, of course, fades with frequent repetition, for the same reasons which compel giants and dwarfs to retire periodically from the scene of their triumphs. As long as the public interest survives, the performers often mistake the effects of their notoriety for tributes to their eloquence or wisdom. General TOM THUMB probably went through his antics in a firm belief that his talents were admired by the idlers who only desired to see the smallest specimen of humanity. By an equally excusable error, itinerant Ministers have sometimes believed that the applause which greeted their persons was really called forth by their platitudes. The mistake seems to have been gradually discovered as the novelty wore off, and the fashion of grinning through an intellectual horse-collar for the edification of local multitudes has of late been almost entirely confined to Lord BROUGHAM's meetings for harangues on Social Science.

Lord PALMERSTON prudently abstained from competition with Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord STANLEY, and Mr. DISRAELI. Publicity wastes the popularity which it excites, and a certain reserve always increases the general respect for royalty or for celebrity. The PRIME MINISTER's mind is probably not of a didactic turn, and it is wholly exempt from pedantry. As long as Social Science formed a common amusement for politicians, it was better to attend to more practical and serious subjects; but an occasional progress confirms and advertises the popularity of a statesman, and a mechanics' institute has for some time been recognised as the established scene for an appearance in public. Lord PALMERSTON, like other men of sense, of course approves of education in general, and he may probably feel a genuine sympathy for the benevolent experiment of Ragged Schools. It would have been absurd to expect that he should say on either subject anything which was not perfectly familiar to his hearers, nor was he likely to share the illusion by which some of his colleagues and rivals have mistaken their borrowed truisms, and fallacies for original philosophy. It was enough that the First Minister should express an intelligent concurrence in opinions which have for some time been universally entertained. Of the thousands who listened to him, all had heard that learning was desirable, while only a small fraction had seen the statesman whose name had been familiar to their ears from infancy. If it had been the fashion for the chief performer on such occasions to read a chapter of a Waverley novel, or a number of the *Spectator*, Lord PALMERSTON would have earned equal applause by complying with the custom. There was perhaps somewhat more trouble in composing a theme about learning, and stars, and animalcules, though the composition, when delivered, can scarcely

have been equally amusing or instructive. A minuet is, in the opinion of many persons, more graceful than a waltz, but nevertheless those who manage modern balls select the dances with which the guests are familiar. Lord PALMERSTON said all that was necessary about the pleasures of learning and the dangers of ignorance, in complete accordance with the recognised rules of such performances.

The Leeds speeches were not the less successful because the orator showed that, like Lord DERBY, he had been born in the pre-scientific era. A little learning, as he himself justly observed, is better than none at all; and it has been found possible to rise to the head of the English nation with somewhat misty notions as to the conclusions of modern observers. Astronomers have not yet discovered that "every fixed star" is the centre of a planetary system; and agricultural engineers have discovered that Lord PALMERSTON's theory of drainage is entirely erroneous and inefficient. "If you want to dry up a morass you go to the source of the evil, to the heads of the springs which percolate through this marshy district, and by turning them into new channels you lead them into healthy currents for the use of mankind, and at the same time turn that which was only a noxious morass into profitable, fertile, and healthy land. In the same way, I say, you should intercept the sources of crime at the fountain-head." It may be highly desirable to intercept the sources of juvenile depredation by turning them into the healthy channel of the Ragged School, but as far as morasses are concerned, the precisely opposite practice of cutting drains down hill has for twenty or thirty years been universally adopted. In Mr. PITT's days, the old-fashioned mode of drainage was undoubtedly prevalent, and for the last fifty years Lord PALMERSTON's time has been employed more profitably than in the study of agricultural improvement. The illustration would still serve its purpose if, as in another hydrostatic simile, the mechanical drains were compared to the moral process of reformation by the inverted analogy that they—

Unlike the former do not flow at all.

The promoters of education and the philanthropists of Leeds wanted, not a lecture on science, but an assurance that their efforts were thought sufficiently important to receive the support and countenance of the most popular living statesman. A gentlemanlike laxity of knowledge in matters unconnected with his own special pursuits is not ungraceful in an elderly politician.

In one instance only the real Lord PALMERSTON of the House of Commons displayed his characteristic readiness of familiar and intelligible banter. Mr. CROSSLEY, having indulged in some pleasantry about the PREMIER's ignorance of the art of weaving, gave an opportunity for the reply that foreigners were weaving webs of mischief in all parts of Europe, and that it was Lord PALMERSTON's business not to weave but to unravel. The joke required no intellectual effort, but it was ready and successful; and if competent critics were present, it may perhaps have been thought as significant and instructive as the solemn sentences which recorded Lord PALMERSTON's researches in entomology. It is the union of untiring industry and vast accumulations of practical knowledge, with gaiety and good humour, which secures the control of the House of Commons to a Minister who notoriously differs from a large portion of his own party, while he never affects to possess the art of oratory. The people of Leeds probably wished to hear their own opinions echoed in their own public buildings, and their expectations were gratified when they heard it publicly acknowledged that learning was useful, that crime ought to be prevented, and that the mysteries of stars and insects were worthy of devout investigation. Strangers may be excused for thinking that at a mechanics' institute or a Ragged School the PRIME

MINISTER of England is for the moment the principal figure, although he is ostensibly employed in advocating the cause of education. It would perhaps have been better to abstain from the transparent sophism of asserting that great public advantage was derived from the so-called social intercourse which takes place between statesmen and popular assemblies on such occasions. The great nobleman on the platform and the shopkeeper in the body of the hall may possibly like each other the better because they find themselves for once under the same roof; but the social relations which turn strangers into friends are not those of mechanics' institutes. On the whole, however, Lord PALMERSTON has succeeded in the purposes of his tour, and it formed no part of his design to instil neglected truths into the minds of his Yorkshire admirers.

ITALY.

THERE seems to be no further obstacle to the annexation of Southern Italy. The King of NAPLES, having saved his military honour and waited in vain for favourable opportunities, will scarcely think it worth while to prolong a hopeless resistance behind the walls of Gaeta. It was not unreasonable to retain a footing in the Kingdom as long as the Warsaw meeting promised to render Austrian intervention possible; but, in default of all prospect of reinforcement by sea or by land, the defeated Sovereign will be fully justified in negotiating for a creditable retreat. He will have fallen less ignominiously than JAMES II., than CHARLES X., or than LOUIS PHILIPPE; and his misfortunes might almost excite a transient feeling of compassion if it were possible to forget the cruelty and meanness of the hateful BOURBON rule. To his conqueror and successor he leaves the questionable inheritance of a demoralized population, only to be elevated in the scale of humanity by a participation in that national life which it can scarcely be expected to comprehend or to appreciate. The revolution, however, has been fortunately prepared by an educated class, which has learned dignity, moderation, and prudence from long-continued oppression and from repeated failures. The real patriots of Naples share the opinions which, since their practical triumph in Piedmont, have gradually and universally prevailed among enlightened Italians. The late despot pointed out the true enemies of tyranny when he directed his persecution against intelligence and refinement, and at the same time cultivated popularity among the rabble. The Constitutional party thoroughly understands the necessity of placing all government in the hands of a responsible and capable minority. Experience alone can show whether permanent freedom can be established in combination with the French code of law which compels a perpetual subdivision of property. It is unfortunate that the Italian Monarchy should be inaugurated by the irrational and barbarous ceremony of universal suffrage; but after a time, the throne which is ostensibly founded on the popular caprice of a single day may perhaps settle down on the more solid base of custom, of deliberate assent, and of gratitude for public benefits.

The voting itself seems, as usual, to have been a farce, though dissentients were, according to some accounts, allowed to give their votes in safety. It is said that the minority would have been larger if the army had been allowed the opportunity of protesting against the suppression of the Dictatorial Government, but GARIBALDI himself appears to have carried out his adhesion to the national cause with unhesitating loyalty. It will be difficult to find a suitable position or fitting occupation in the future for a subject whose services have been at the same time so great and so anomalous. The gift of a kingdom is not to be repaid in money or in titles, though GARIBALDI has amply deserved any rank or fortune which he can be persuaded to accept. The immediate author of the English Restoration was contented to sink into insignificance with an estate and a dukedom; but MONK was never supposed to be an enthusiast or a hero, and his task was fully accomplished when he had brought CHARLES II. to London. The enterprise of the Italian Liberator is still incomplete, and he has constantly repeated, on the eve of resignation, his resolution to rescue Venice from the foreigner. No personal greatness can supersede, in a regular State, the obligation of obedience on every subject and soldier. GARIBALDI has sometimes found it difficult to reconcile his patriotic enthusiasm with his personal allegiance; and he often denounces as enemies the statesmen who prevented him from commencing war on his own account, by the invasion, in the course of last year,

of the Roman provinces. He must either sacrifice the prospect of utility in the regular service of the Crown, or he must renounce the right of determining questions of peace and war. The future attack on the Austrian possessions must be deliberately prepared, and it can only be commenced without temerity when the national forces are fully organized for the undertaking. It may be hoped that the weeks which have been spent in front of Capua may have convinced GARIBALDI himself that the walls of fortresses are not likely to fall down at the summons of even the bravest leader. The King of SARDINIA has conquered, at Castelfidardo and at Sessa, the right to regulate the policy of Italy; and possibly he may be able to restrain the enthusiasm of his subject and coadjutor from any premature attack on a formidable enemy. Nevertheless a want of cordiality is indicated by Count CAVOUR's appointments to high offices in Naples and Sicily. FARINI is perhaps the fittest organ of the Royal authority who can be found in Italy; but it is unfortunate that he should be regarded by GARIBALDI as a political and personal opponent.

The organization of the new provinces will furnish ample room for the exercise of political and legislative ability. It will be neither possible nor desirable to centralize the administration, and fortunately there is no question of establishing separate provincial assemblies. The awkward necessity of passing successive Acts of Union for Scotland and for Ireland might have been obviated if the United Kingdom had been constituted one or two centuries earlier. At the present moment, the Austrian Empire is menaced with the separation of the various principalities which have never been welded together into a single State. Italy enjoys the great advantage of an undisputed equality among the provinces of the new kingdom. Naples can scarcely fear to sink into a dependency of Piedmont; nor is there any reason why Sicily and Tuscany should be kept apart by mutual jealousy. The difficulties which await the King and his advisers are undoubtedly great and various, but the ideal unity which has formed the object of universal aspiration will every day tend more and more to realize and perpetuate itself. The accomplishment of the task will perhaps be best ensured by the continuance of hostile pressure from without.

The presence of the POPE in Rome and of the French troops in his provinces constitute the most pressing of Count CAVOUR's external difficulties; but in this case, although it is not easy to foresee the final solution, there can be no doubt that the only practical course is to be passive and to wait. With the mere residue of its provinces to supply its wants, the Roman Court must either become insolvent or accept a foreign subsidy, which will not be given without conditions. The resource of PETER's Pence, though it may be available in an exciting crisis, will speedily become exhausted. In a few months the POPE must either negotiate with the King of ITALY or he must permanently sink into the position of a French pensioner and dependent. At present, it is probable that his hatred for NAPOLEON III. exceeds even his animosity against VICTOR EMMANUEL, nor can it be doubted that the majority of Cardinals would prefer the plan of making terms with a countryman to the imminent prospect of poverty or of exile. Even, however, if the POPE should be willing to make concessions, it will not be easy to agree on any satisfactory arrangement. If GARIBALDI was hasty in his promise to proclaim Italian unity from the Quirinal, Count CAVOUR lately declared his purpose of making Rome the capital of the national Monarchy. If he remains at home as an Italian, the Supreme PONTIFF must renounce his temporal sovereignty, while the situation of his French protectors will gradually become untenable. The ambiguities of Imperial policy have hitherto been interpreted in a favourable sense, because the vacillation which they indicate has hitherto always terminated in abstinence from unfriendly intervention. It is not possible that the indefinite maintenance of a foreign garrison in Rome should be long endured by liberated Italy.

Time may also do something to facilitate the inevitable Venetian enterprise. If the attempt to conciliate Hungary proves abortive, Austria will be reduced to straits which may end in the voluntary or compulsory abandonment of Italy. The garrison of Venetia will never be stronger than at the present moment, and its services may perhaps soon be required in other provinces of the Empire. On the other hand, the enthusiasm and confidence of Italy are unlikely to abate, and the military and political organization of the amalgamated provinces will be facilitated by the necessary

preparation for a great military enterprise. The failure of the Warsaw interview has removed all immediate fear of foreign interference; but a single-handed contest with the Austrian Empire will tax all the resources of Italy. The ambiguous conduct of France, which has been recently illustrated by the insolent interference with Admiral PERSANO, ought to satisfy the Italians that they must both cultivate self-reliance and be prepared to justify it. The French Government has formally refused to the Italian fleet the exercise of one of the most ordinary rights of war. A State which is not yet in a position to repel so ostentatious an insult can scarcely be ready to attack an army of the first order occupying one of the strongest positions in Europe.

CONSERVATIVE SUCCESSES.

THE election at Boston proves that the Conservatives have not boasted prematurely of having gained ground in the country since their expulsion from office. This is the fourth or fifth seat which has been recently lost to the Liberals, and the success comes immediately after a general contest in the Registration Courts which is said to have resulted much in favour of the Conservatives. Most people were convinced—except the gentlemen who sit immediately behind the Treasury Bench—that some sort of Conservative reaction set in last summer during the session; but few suspected that it consisted in more than decided repugnance to the Reform Bill and the French Treaty. Politicians at the centre of affairs hardly thought of its exercising any serious influence on the relative positions of the Parliamentary majority and minority. But we in London are bad judges of the veering of sentiment in the country. Partly through the general softening of political zeal, and partly through the universal disfranchisement entailed by the metropolitan borough system, no Londoner above the rank which frequents public-houses has any knowledge of the political opinions of his nearest neighbour, or any idea on what side he should give his own vote if he ever became foolish enough to think of using it. But things are not quite in this state in the country. Men in the provinces still call themselves Whigs and Tories, and take some interest in the colour of the ribands which the candidates wear at their button-hole. The old insane hatreds of twenty years since are extinct, but where the constituency is small enough for a vote to have appreciable influence on the return, a borough elector will sometimes not only grumble at Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE, but, in the extremity of his disgust, transfer his suffrage to a gentleman who means to sit behind Mr. DISRAELI.

The expulsion of Liberals from one or two small boroughs is not surprising, and not very important. Few Parliamentary majorities would be less valuable at present than one consisting exclusively of small borough members. But Boston is not a small borough. It has a constituency of respectable numbers, hitherto supposed to be wedded to a rather milk-and-water form of Liberalism. What is it that has handed over to the Conservatives a seat looked upon at the Reform Club as perfectly safe? The Liberals are scattering dark hints about voters who have shaved candidates at five guineas the job; but it is only honest to say that the majority is too large to be accounted for by bribery. We may reasonably explain the result by the accounts given in the newspapers of a peculiarly vigorous effort made by the Tories, and a remarkably spiritless resistance opposed to it by the Whigs. The plain truth is, that a Liberal candidate, even in a fairly Liberal borough, has just now a completely up-hill battle to fight when once his opponents have taken heart to resist his return. Of all the accustomed Liberal cries there is scarcely one at the present moment which is not useless or positively dangerous. What is a gentleman in Mr. TUXFORD's position to do? Shall he shout for Free-trade? Mr. GLADSTONE has managed to achieve that which Lord DERBY, backed by half the peerage and more than half the squirearchy, failed to accomplish in four or five years of unrelaxed agitation, and has taught the best part of the Liberals to listen to their old battle-cry with indifference or disgust. Shall he inscribe Reform on his banners? Three parts of his supporters shake their heads at Mr. BRIGHT, and the Conservative outbids the Liberal in overtures to the Radical residue. Shall he declare himself determined to have total abolition of Church-rates? This is still perhaps a strong point for the Liberal. But the Dissenters are much less averse to compromising

the question than they were a few years since, and the Conservatives are no longer cowed by the cry into sullen acquiescence. Nothing remains to our Liberal except to placard the walls with elegiacal lamentations over the Paper-duty Bill. But this very Boston election shows how very slow are the constituencies to rally for the defence of a violated Constitution. Boston was, as it were, a Paper-duty seat. It was occupied by Mr. INGRAM, the well-known newspaper proprietor, and Mr. TUXFORD, the Liberal candidate, declared, with infamous taste, that he meant to contest the borough "over the body of Mr. INGRAM." But the constituency were untouched by the metaphor, and may be said, by returning Mr. MALCOLM, to have thanked God there is a House of Lords.

It is curious that these successes have occurred just at the moment selected by the most eminent men among the Conservatives for declaring formally that it is a calumny to call them less liberal than the Liberals. At first sight, it seems rather absurd that any constituency should, in presence of these declarations, think it worth while to change its representative. The notion that the constituencies have a personal preference for Mr. DISRAELI over Lord PALMERSTON can scarcely be entertained outside the Carlton Club. But doubtless the wholesale abandonment by the Conservatives of their distinctive principles has much to do with their success in boroughs of a certain description. When both sides may be relied on neither to vary the general principles of our foreign and domestic policy nor to relax the reformation of acknowledged abuses, a certain portion of the electoral body will give play, within certain limits, to the repugnance inspired by occasional miscarriages of the party which happens to be in power. If an Opposition only chooses its *locus standi* properly, repulsion is a force just as valuable to it as attraction. It is on the repellent influences emanating from the authors of the Reform Bill and the French Treaty that Mr. DISRAELI and his friends seem to be exclusively depending at present. They profess no distinctive opinions, and own attachment to no definable principle. They appear to have merely made the calculation that the Liberals have been long enough in office for the country to have got tired of them, and that the Liberal Government includes two or three members who are sure to involve it, periodically, in discredit or disaster. The proof of this is found in the curious circumstance that Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI are, to speak plainly, the chiefs of a party without a newspaper. They suffer the *Times* to write their politics for them, and seem to consider it immaterial that, if the *Times* chooses to attack them, they can only fall back on the *Morning Herald*. Some gentlemen of the party, not capable of rising to the high level of Mr. DISRAELI's game, have recently been expressing much astonishment and some dismay that the formation of opinion in the country should be entirely confided to the Liberal press. The *New Quarterly Review* published only a few days ago a melancholy jeremiad on the imbecility of Conservative journalism, excepting, however, from its censures one single newspaper; and that solitary exception, as if on purpose to prove the rule, adopted the course of expiring the very next week. The same sort of alarm, in the breasts of some of Lord DERBY's followers, finds expression in a begging or touting letter which has been recently circulating about the country, and in which the Conservative gentry are called upon to "make a small sacrifice," by subscribing only for one year to a well-known weekly contemporary. But the Conservative chiefs do not appear to have encouraged these efforts. They cannot but feel that, if they had literary organs of any efficiency in the press, those organs must have something to discuss. So long as a merely waiting-and-watching policy is followed, it is better to be supported daily in articles so feeble that nobody reads them, or weekly in manifestoes so obscure that nobody understands them, than to be committed by the arts of literary composition to a definite policy on Church-rates, Reform, Taxation, the state of Europe, or anything else in the universe. The Liberal journalists, unopposed in their own sphere by any antagonists worth attending to, expose the miscarriages of the Ministry which nominally represents them, with an unflinching candour; and the Opposition silently takes the benefit of incidental follies on the part of the Liberal Government and invariable severity on the part of the Liberal press. Such is the masterly inactivity, wise in our generation, which has won for the Conservatives the Boston election, and is not unlikely to give them a few more seats before it ceases to be practicable.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

THE criticism of Hungarians, as well as of foreigners, has satisfactorily established that the great characteristic of the Austrian Charter is its utter uncertainty. It may prove, and have been meant to prove, either a scheme for providing the EMPEROR with a moderately good council-board, or a scheme for giving Hungary an effective and secure constitutional government. This uncertainty proceeds from many causes. It is evident that the EMPEROR had not made up his mind to the last moment whether the concessions he accorded were to be taken with reference to a state of war or a state of peace, and provisions which might have escaped remark amidst the general excitement of an appeal to arms would give rise to the most eager discussion if peace afforded time for minute investigation. Had the Warsaw Conference ended in an Italian war, and had Hungary thought itself precluded from denying its King assistance when its claims had been substantially recognised as just, it would have been in the highest degree convenient that the uncertainty of the Charter should serve as an excuse for postponing details until peace returned. Nor was it until the very eve of the issue of the diploma that the restoration of the Hungarian Diet was resolved on, and even a sovereign more friendly to liberty than FRANCIS JOSEPH might have allowed inconsistencies to creep into a document which owed its existence to a sudden resolution, and was published before it could be revised. The immediate advisers of the EMPEROR also wavered between two conflicting theories as to the basis on which the rights conceded ought to repose. The Hungarians claim the restoration of historical rights; but the traditions of the Austrian Empire ascribe every right to the will of the EMPEROR; and both theories take their turn in the enigmatical provisos of the diploma. But the deepest source of inconsistency lay in the very nature of the grant which the EMPEROR was making. He had to reconcile two things that are almost irreconcilable—the establishment of constitutional liberty in distinct provinces, and the maintenance of a military Empire. No wonder, then, that the diploma took a shape which will admit of various constructions. Its obscurity was partly designed, and partly inevitable under the circumstances of its origin. The manner in which the obscurity is removed, and the construction which the diploma receives, will determine the whole future of the Austrian Empire.

The chief point left in darkness is whether the restored Diet in Hungary is to have the power of the purse and of the sword which the old Diet possessed. According to the old public law of Hungary, the KING could not, without the assent of the Diet, impose a single tax or levy a single recruit. If this is to be the law henceforth in Hungary, it is evident that the decisions of the Hungarian Diet will determine the policy of the whole Austrian Empire. The population and wealth of Hungary are so great that Austria cannot possibly carry out any large undertaking without Hungarian aid. Suppose the Diet refuses to bear what it may reasonably term unnecessary burdens, and declines to impose any taxes unless Venetia is sold and the purchase-money applied to the reduction of the national debt, what could Austria do but hand over the Quadrilateral to VICTOR EMANUEL? On the other hand, if Hungary cannot stop her wealth from being consumed and her children slain in wars over which she has no control, her liberty is merely an improved form of that local independence which Austria has often been willing to grant her subjects, because it confers no real power whatever. The great change extorted by so much patient pressure, and heralded with such pompous solemnity, would merely amount to this—that the Hungarians might make their roads, and light their streets, and bridge their rivers, without the sanction of a German official. This would certainly be a gain, but it is not at all the gain the Hungarians have demanded. They have asked for the restoration of their old Constitution; and a restoration of their Constitution, minus all in the Constitution that secured political liberty, would be a complete frustration of their hopes. Which construction is to be put upon the diploma? Its words will admit of either. M. HORN, who represents the most dissatisfied portion of the Hungarian exiles—men who are determined to put the worst possible interpretation on everything Austrian—treats it as perfectly clear that the diploma does not restore the Hungarian Constitution at all; while those opponents of Austria who, like M. DE SZEMERE, are not indisposed to come to terms with her, say that every-

thing has been conceded because the Diet is to be restored, and, if it is to be restored, it must be supposed to be restored with all its powers. They do not, however, seem to rely very confidently on the diploma itself. They trust to the consequences of the restoration of the Diet under any form and with any limitations. If once the representatives of the Hungarian people are allowed to meet for the discussion of public business, the game will be in their own hands, and they can defy their Sovereign to withhold the full privileges of the old Constitution. As M. DE SZEMERE puts it, if the EMPEROR accords to Hungary the historical control over taxes and recruiting, so much the better for Hungary; if the EMPEROR does not do this, so much the worse for him. In Hungary itself, opinions are equally divided as to the reception which ought to be given to the document. The EMPEROR's concessions have been received without any enthusiasm, but without any serious expression of disapprobation. The leading landowners, however, appear likely to adopt the policy of M. DE SZEMERE. They wish to accept the EMPEROR's offer and to get the Diet assembled. The great object of the nation ought to be, they urge, to make a beginning, and it may safely trust to the power which the utterance of its wishes must exercise when conveyed through a legal and permanent channel. We should venture to think that their policy will prevail, because the opinion of large landowners generally does prevail at a crisis when it is confessed that recourse to actual violence would be premature, and also because prudence appears to be on their side. If the Diet once meets, it can make itself such a thorn in the side of the Imperial Government that either its full powers must be restored to it if it continues to wish for them, or it must be suppressed altogether by a *coup d'état*, and then, as M. DE SZEMERE says, it will be the worse for FRANCIS JOSEPH.

No Hungarian has attempted to show how the restoration of the full powers of the Diet and the preservation of the Austrian Empire are compatible. If Austria could neither fight nor pay its way unless Hungary pleased, the Empire would be the shadow of a shade. There is only one way in which the independence of a province can be reconciled with the authority of the central Government, and that is by putting the control of the province into as few hands as possible, and buying or bribing the majority. This is how Hungary was managed in old days, and how Ireland and Scotland were managed while they still retained distinct Parliaments of their own. But the Hungarians are not in the humour now to be disposed of by a packed majority. Unless Hungary alone of the provinces of the Empire possessed constitutional independence, the other provinces must also each fix their own taxes and raise their own recruits; and the Cabinet of Vienna would then be dependent on each of several distinct assemblies. This is impossible on the face of it. The diploma, if taken literally, and without the interpretation which the restoration of the Diet is supposed to put on it, points to a scheme of general government which is not necessarily incapable of being worked. Each province might manage its own provincial matters, and all questions of general government might be left to the decision of the Empire under the advice of a great Council. No one could say beforehand that a country could not be well governed under such a system. But the Hungarians will not accept it; and as the whole object of the promulgation of the charter is to content the Hungarians, it does not benefit the EMPEROR if it leaves them discontented. There can, we think, be little doubt that the Hungarian Diet, when it meets, will insist on a restoration of its full powers, and that, if peace is preserved, and there is therefore nothing to interrupt the Constitutional contest, the EMPEROR must yield. It is his misfortune rather than his fault that, if he does yield, he will probably break up the Empire by sanctioning the creation of an Empire within it; and that, if he does not yield, he will break up the Empire by provoking a revolution. So far as speculation can look into the future, there now seems only one chance for the salvation of Austria. It is just possible that when the Diet meets, and feels its power, and discusses the whole subject of the relations of Austria to Hungary, it may voluntarily determine that the Empire shall be preserved, and will fuse its own rights into those of a central representative body. A mere consultative Council, like the Reichsrath, will never content Hungary, but it may prefer to pass under the control of a real constitutional assembly rather than face the perils of a general disruption of the Empire.

THE MIDDLE CLASS EXAMINATION DIFFICULTY.

SIR J. COLERIDGE has complained, apparently with great justice, of the effect of the present system of Middle Class Examinations in discouraging religious instruction. As religious knowledge is left an optional subject of examination, and as, even if brought up, it merely gives the candidate a special certificate for that subject without affecting his class, schoolmasters and pupils very naturally turn their attention from that which is not necessary to that which is, and from that which does not pay to that which does. The consequence, according to Sir J. COLERIDGE, is that fewer candidates present themselves for examination in the elements of religion each year, and that religious teaching is in danger of declining in the Middle Class schools. This is certainly a singular state of things. The University of Oxford, which commenced, and still directs, the movement, is herself somewhat hyperbolically religious. She insists on plucking a man who, by his general attainments, has deserved a first class, because, perhaps from the very pressure of other work at the last moment, he has neglected or forgotten some Sunday-school information little affecting his practical religion—and this though it may be taken for granted that every student who presents himself for a degree has not only been taught the elements of religion at home and school, but been compelled to attend divinity lectures in his College. Yet this same University is going out of her proper domain to impress, as strongly as she can, carelessness about religious culture on the class the control of whose education she has gratuitously assumed.

We are told by the stanch advocates of the Middle Class Examination scheme that this difficulty has been needlessly incurred. Religion, they say, might have been made a necessary subject of examination. To suit all Churches and sects, there might have been an examination in a "common religion." As though this notion of a "common religion" had not already been propounded and exploded a hundred times! It is not true that even "the Scriptures" are "common ground" to all Churches and sects. They are not common ground to Protestants and Roman Catholics, much less to Christians and Jews. It is not true that "the great interpretations of Scripture" are common ground even to all to whom the Scriptures are common. The Trinitarian differs from the Unitarian on a question which, though a matter of interpretation, lies in the estimation of both, at the very root of spiritual life. "Points of Church government," "questions as to the virtue of the sacraments, not affecting the basis of religion"—if these are the only causes of division between Church and Dissent, why is there any Church or any Dissent at all? It may be true that, among the upper classes, there is a certain amount of enlightened willingness to compromise; and that boys of different persuasions are found together in some of our public schools. It may be true, also, that, in the case of the lower classes, the "religious difficulty" lies not so much in the people themselves as in their "leaders and guides"—a fact which, we may observe in passing, does not diminish the practical amount of the difficulty in the slightest degree. But in the middle classes prejudices are stronger, and the lines of religious demarcation sharper, than elsewhere. People must be sanguine above the measure of ordinary enthusiasts if they imagine that a Wesleyan minister will be content to send his son to be examined by a High Anglican clergyman in a religion adapted alike to the Wesleyan, the Anglican, the Roman Catholic, the Unitarian, and the Jew. It is in these regions that the very knot of the "religious difficulty" resides. A collision with that difficulty in undertaking the management of middle-class education was not "needless," but inevitable. That which was needless was, that the University of Oxford, having a great deal more on her hands than she can do well already, should plunge herself, and drag her reluctant sister, into this extensive, though benevolent scheme.

We speak of "the University of Oxford," but it ought to be clearly understood by all parties concerned that the University, properly speaking, never had much to do with the matter, and that it has now been taken entirely out of her hands. It is vain to appeal to her for the reconsideration of anything that is doubtful, or the correction of anything that is amiss. When the scheme was first propounded, its promoters, being practically in possession of the government, hurried a

Statute in hot haste through Congregation and Convocation in order that not a moment might be lost in conferring a great benefit on society and snatching the palm of popularity from Cambridge. Less than three weeks, if we remember rightly, was the period allowed for consideration and discussion between the first public suggestion and the final adoption of this most serious change in the functions of the University. The Statute which was then passed instituted a Delegacy for carrying out the scheme. The powers given to this Delegacy were of the most vague and extensive kind, and such as the University would not dream for one moment of confiding to any hands but her own in regard to her ordinary examinations. But those who expressed alarm were assured that it was only an experiment, that the Delegacy to which these unprecedented powers were given would expire in three years, and that the whole Statute in which the scheme was embodied would be brought again before the University for reconsideration. At the end of the three years this assurance was cast to the winds. The Statute was not brought again, as a whole, before the University, but two amendments in it were proposed—one altering the age of candidates, and the other altering the period for which Delegates were to be elected from three to six years. At the bottom of the paper giving notice of these amendments in the Statute, was slipped in an announcement that, if the amendments in the Statute passed, a decree of Convocation would be proposed (in what form, or on what day, was not stated) continuing the then Delegates, whose three years had expired, in their office till the period fixed by the second of the amendments for the election of their successors. The decree thus unostentatiously announced passed in a thin house, and so the Delegacy which had been created only for three years was rendered perpetual, and the measure was turned, at one dexterous stroke, from an experiment into a permanent institution. The Delegacy consists of eighteen members, of whom six are appointed by the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, and six by the Hebdomadal Council out of their own body, while six only, a third part of the whole, are elected by the University at large. The University at large, having lost all control over the matter, cares nothing about the elections, and all the appointments are left virtually to fall into the same hands. The power of bringing forward motions being vested in the Council alone, no one can move a reconsideration of the matter but those who are at the bottom of the whole affair. Thus the University has been inveigled into virtually divesting itself, in favour of an irresponsible body, of a part of its functions, novel indeed, and we venture to think imprudently assumed, but as important, and certainly as much in need of vigilant control, as any of those which it originally possessed. This is the way in which government is carried on in one of the greatest corporations of the world.

Large, however, as the powers of these eighteen dictators are—far as they are beyond anything which the University, with its eyes open, would have permanently granted—we are not sure that they have not been overstepped in the present instance. The Statute—which, for the enlightenment of the middle classes, is in Latin—provides that it shall be the office of the Delegates, "Examinatores nominare, necnon tempora, loca, modum Examinationum, classium numerum, ceteraque eodem pertinentia speciatim ordinare." Under these words the Delegates have undertaken to decide not only that the "Elements of Religion" shall be optional as a subject of examination—which the Statute itself in another clause expressly prescribes—but that this subject, when brought up by a candidate, shall not affect his class. Their rule is, "The fact that a candidate has passed the Examination in 'the Rudiments of Faith and Religion' will be entered on his 'Certificate, although it will not affect his place on the List.'" We submit that the Statute, in pursuance of which this bye-law of theirs affects to be made, empowers them only to settle the number of the classes, not to decide which of the subjects permitted by the Statute to be brought up shall, and which shall not, affect the class. We would recommend those who are concerned in the matter to look into this point, and generally to watch the legislative action of the Delegacy with a pretty vigilant eye. And we would recommend the members of the University of Oxford, for the sake of the great interests with which they are charged, if not for their own sakes, to leave off being governed like schoolboys, and learn to manage their own affairs like men.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT ON THE PAPAL TEMPORALITIES.

COUNT MONTALEMBERT is entitled to respect on many personal grounds, and especially as the representative of a party which is for the time defeated and oppressed. If not always consistent, he has been a passionate and courageous champion of the liberties which he perhaps valued too little until they were lost. Amongst modern advocates of the Roman hierarchy, he has stood almost alone in his resolute desire to combine the rights of the Church with morality, with honesty, and with freedom. He has suffered prosecution for his manly vindication of English institutions, and he has been almost anathematized by his co-religionists because he declined to join in their eager prostration before the throne of a despotic usurper. It was necessary for the harmony of his system, or rather for the satisfaction of his own intellectual conscience, to assert and to believe that political freedom, as it is assuredly indispensable to all practical truth, is especially compatible with his own form of orthodoxy. While prelates and Ultramontane journalists were identifying religious soundness with the triumphs of baseness and of cruelty, Count MONTALEMBERT never wavered in the belief that it was possible for an honest and independent politician to be, at the same time, a faithful member of the Church. It was irritating to see his theory repudiated by the most zealous organs of Catholicism, and it is a severer disappointment to find that the progress of political emancipation has hitherto by no means tended to the aggrandizement of the POPE. A bystander in the controversy might perhaps suggest that if freedom is favourable to religion, the ecclesiastical appendages which require the aid of despotism for their support are probably merely external accessories of the faith. It was to be expected that an enthusiastic Catholic, who has often been unjustly accused of treason to his Church, should repudiate with indignant eagerness the apparent confirmation of the prophecies and charges of his enemies. As long as Italy was divided and enslaved, the Holy See appeared to be secure, and the first object of the regenerated nation is to abolish the temporal power of the Papacy. Count CAVOUR, as the principal author of the revolution, lately quoted, with a complimentary sneer, the illustrious adversary who had justified beforehand the work of political emancipation by connecting it in principle with the progress of religious truth. Few taunts are more provoking than an appeal to the supposed admissions of an obstinate opponent, and Count MONTALEMBERT, in his letter to Count CAVOUR, scarcely attempts to disguise the personal annoyance which sharpens his rhetorical invective, while it sometimes confuses his logical deductions.

The demand of freedom for the Church as well as for the community is a plausible afterthought, arbitrarily annexed to former protests against despotism. According to Count MONTALEMBERT, the Government of Turin has unjustly interfered with ecclesiastical franchises at home, and, by invading the Papal dominions, has deprived all the Catholic world of the chief security for spiritual independence. The "right of association"—or, in other words, the indefinite extension of monastic institutions—is certainly not a natural result of representative government. Throughout Europe, secular legislation has taken cognizance of the laws of mortmain, nor have modern statesmen anywhere regarded with favour the influence of religious orders. The Piedmontese Government, with the full assent of Parliament and of the nation, has secularized numerous monasteries, and in some instances it has restrained the agitation of seditious bishops. If Count MONTALEMBERT, in his various apologies for liberty, intended to claim immunity for religious establishments, he ought to have stated that representative governments were only entitled to exercise a limited authority. The exemption of the clergy and the monastic orders from secular control can only be maintained by the aid of some superior or external force. A constitutional monarchy tolerates as little as a despotism any separate organization which claims to hold itself apart from the interests of the nation. The sacerdotal pretensions which have been defied and suppressed in Northern Italy have just received a curious illustration in the impudent and mendacious address of the Savoyard bishops to the POPE. These prelates have the hardihood to assert that they transferred their allegiance to France in resentment for the Piedmontese seizure of the Romagna. The compact of Plombières is conveniently forgotten, as well as the farce of universal suffrage, when it suits the purpose

of members of the hierarchy to represent themselves as the authors of a treasonable rebellion, and as supreme judges on a question of national policy. It is evident that on the same principle the Savoyard bishops and their French colleagues are now entitled to dethrone their backsliding EMPEROR, or to declare themselves subjects of orthodox Spain, or of Ultramontane Austria. Count MONTALEMBERT, who professes to defend the ancient rights of secondary principalities, will scarcely welcome the aid of bishops who claim an absolute control over the distribution of territorial sovereignties.

If Count CAVOUR were inclined to prolong the controversy, he might point out the arbitrary assumptions which are necessary to his opponent's argument. Count MONTALEMBERT maintains not only the inviolability of the Papal territory, but the perpetual subdivision of the Italian peninsula. No reason is assigned for the preference of a federation to a powerful monarchy; and an Italian might ask why a Frenchman should deny to foreigners the benefit of that national unity which is his own constant boast. M. DE LAMARTINE provoked an indignant rebuke by his coxcombical designation of Italy as the "land of the dead." Count MONTALEMBERT's masculine understanding is only misled by the temptation of controversy into the assertion that the helplessness of divided Italy is founded on maxims of public necessity and right.

A triumphant statesman will not be strongly affected by the imputation that, in completing the annexation of Central and of Southern Italy, he declined to encounter irresistible impediments at Venice and at Rome. The Quixotic folly of challenging at the same time Austria and France would have proved that VICTOR EMMANUEL was unequal to his wonderful destiny. It is childish to charge a Minister with cowardice because he takes into account "rifled cannon," and innumerable battalions of enemies. When the rest of Italy is united, it will be time to claim Venetia; and, with a singular candour, Count MONTALEMBERT admits that the enterprise will be just and noble. He forgets to observe that the petty kingdom which he would have confined within its former limits could by no possibility have matched its forces against Austria. Every dispossessed prince in Italy was the friend or satellite of the national enemy, and the Grand Duke of TUSCANY was often reminded that it was his primary duty to consider himself an Austrian Archduke. If VICTOR EMMANUEL was called upon to restore an alienated province to his country, it was indispensable that he should present himself before the walls of the Quadrilateral as the chief of a united nation. The champion of the Holy See has no better justification than the authority and example of the hysterical POPE for identifying the cause which he undertakes to defend with the rights of the secular Italian pretenders.

The argument that Italy will lose by the temporal dethronement of the POPE may be left to the consideration of those to whom it is addressed. After protesting against the illegal creation of a State with twenty millions of subjects, Count MONTALEMBERT, with curious inconsistency, professes to regard VICTOR EMMANUEL as still only the minor potentate who dwelt between the Alps and the Ticino. "Would you," he says, "degrade the capital of Christendom into the county 'town (*chef-lieu*) of a petty Piedmontese kingdom, and 'place it under the sovereignty of a new comer among the 'monarchs of Europe?' It may be answered that the dynasty of Piedmont is the least modern of Royal houses, while the King of ITALY can in no sense be regarded as an insignificant Prince. It is, indeed, highly probable that the authority of the Holy See will be regarded with additional jealousy in foreign countries when Italy has become a Great Power, but a nation can afford to dispense with accidental advantages which were important to the inhabitants of a petty principality. If France and Austria accepted the authority of the POPE, they interfered with his patronage, they dictated to Conclaves, and they habitually claimed to nominate a portion of the Sacred College. The interference of an Italian King may perhaps not be less constant, but it will be, after present controversies are forgotten, less repugnant to the feelings of Italian prelates. The question whether liberty is really favourable to Popery will, perhaps, gradually be solved by experience.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

THE Report which has just been made upon the sailing portion of the American navy will be put to a very bad use by us if it is made to serve as an excuse for negligent management in our own dockyards. At the first glance, the

list of venerable old hulks which have been left for half a century to rot upon the slips where they were laid down may seem to furnish more than a parallel for anything that has occurred under the direction of our Board of Admiralty. But the position of the Americans in naval matters is so entirely different from ours that they have little cause to regret the non-completion of the line-of-battle fleet which they began to build almost as soon as they became an independent nation. It has never been the policy of the United States to maintain a force capable of engaging the fleets of any of the first-rate naval Powers of Europe, and their first rupture with England suggested to them a much more efficacious and less costly mode of conducting hostilities. Fast cruisers, surpassing in size and weight of metal any vessel which had then been built of the frigate class, enabled them to gain both glory and profit in a war with an enemy whose fleet they could not attempt to rival. Fortunately for America, a line-of-battle fleet was not essential for her protection. A huge Continent, with a population of riflemen, offered few temptations to invasion, and if the want of a fleet on a scale commensurate with those of Europe exposed her seaboard to the chance of desultory attacks, she had no reason to dread or to provide against the possibility of a foreign conquest. By reprisals on our commerce she was able to inflict greater damage on us than her shores could suffer at our hands. Experience fully confirmed the wisdom of this policy of relying on frigates and privateers, instead of struggling to maintain a force able to dispute with us the command of the ocean. All our array of formidable three-deckers was of no avail to stop the ravages of her nimble frigates, though it would have sufficed to checkmate the strongest fleet of liners which the United States could by any efforts have prepared to meet us.

The old *Alabama*, put upon the stocks forty-two years ago, and never launched to this day, and the *New York* and the *New Orleans*, which have also remained unfinished for half a century, bear testimony to the prudence quite as much as to the folly of the United States. These ships were never completed, for the very sufficient reason that they were not what America wanted; and if it was a blunder to commence them, it would have been a much less excusable one to persist in a policy which had been proved to be a mistake, and to launch and commission ships from which no good service was ever to be expected. The few heavy ships which the American navy possesses have by their history proved the wisdom of not building more of the same class. The services of the *Pennsylvania* are summed up in the fact that she has never been out of sight of land; and while the old American frigates have for the most part a glorious history, there is scarcely a single liner which has any achievements to boast of.

All the considerations which determined, years ago, the naval policy of America are at least as applicable now as they ever were. She has nothing to fear from the restless ambition of France, and is free from all the entanglements of European diplomacy. She can always choose between peace and war at her own discretion; and if ever she engages in hostilities with any formidable Power, it may safely be predicted that her enemy will not have been the aggressor. While Cherbourg compels us to keep constant guard over the narrow seas, it is no menace to America; and if it were, the attempt to patrol the Atlantic as we patrol the Channel would be both needless and impossible. No fleet which the United States could by any expenditure create would suffice to make a descent upon their coasts impossible. The sea is not for America, as it is for us, a first line of defence; and the conversion of a few of the old liners into modern screw frigates will strengthen her in the power of reprisal, which is the only naval defence that a country so situated can use with effect.

A rather singular inference has been drawn by the *Times* from this Report upon the condition of the existing vessels of the American navy. It is assumed, because a Commission appointed to overhaul old ships did not discuss the capabilities of iron-sheathed frigates, that the new device of the Emperor of the FRENCH is rather lightly estimated across the Atlantic. It would have been much more surprising if the Report had travelled into so remote a question; but, independently of this, there are abundant reasons why the United States should regard with some indifference an innovation which has naturally excited so much discussion among ourselves. The same reasons which have made line-of-battle ships less useful to the United States, than first-class frigates would render iron-cased

ships less serviceable still. She wants cruisers, and not floating castles of defence, and as yet she has little reason to regard an attack by an iron fleet as a probable contingency. Whatever may be the merits of the *Gloire* as a step towards the solution of the last new problem in naval architecture, even her constructors do not describe her as likely to cruise with success on the open ocean. America can very safely afford to wait for the result of the experiments which we are making with this class of ships; and until a comparatively invulnerable ship shall have proved herself capable of crossing the Atlantic, the creation of the EMPEROR'S new fleet, and our endeavours to improve upon his model, may reasonably be regarded in America with more curiosity than alarm. No one yet knows what tonnage a vessel will require to make her a speedy and efficient cruiser under the enormous load of a shot-proof casing. Whether the *Black Prince* and the *Warrior* will be found to possess sufficient stability, or whether a still nearer approach to the dimensions of the *Great Eastern* may not be required, are questions which, thanks to the negligence of our Admiralty, are still awaiting their solution; and the United States will doubtless be wise enough to profit by the experiments of France and England before incurring the enormous outlay which the new method of protecting men-of-war will inevitably entail.

Past experience has sufficiently proved the alacrity with which naval improvements are welcomed in America; and though the Yankee Portsmouth may rival ours in jobbery and waste, we shall scarcely find on the other side of the Atlantic a foil for the alternate supineness and precipitation which have been so often exhibited in the administration of our navy. A country which was the first to discover the value of first-class frigates, and which took the lead in the improvement of naval artillery, is not likely to be remiss when any new invention is produced which it would be for her advantage to adopt. If America leaves the problem of increasing the powers of line-of-battle ships to nations which require them as indispensable means of defence, or which covet them as instruments of possible aggression, we have no right to infer that any indifference will be shown to improvements in the class of vessels of which her navy will probably continue to be composed. If naval wars were certain to depend on the issue of a conflict between the entire fleets of opposing nations, the United States would make but a small figure upon the Ocean; but we have little reason to despise the power of annoyance which the United States would be able to exercise in any future contest, even though she should not possess a single ship like our screw three-deckers, or a solitary specimen of the iron-sided craft by which our *Dukes of Wellington* and *Agamemnon*s may for many purposes be superseded. The remains of the old liners will supply to the United States the materials for a large increase in her fleet of frigates, and render her a far more important antagonist than the catalogue of her available vessels might at first sight seem to imply. We are not so fortunate as to be able to dispense with armaments of a heavier and more costly kind; and it will be well if, in the work which we have to accomplish, we always show ourselves as prompt and energetic as America has done, and probably will continue to do, in providing herself with the class of ships which her circumstances call for.

INDIGO.

IT is a very old complaint against the Government of India that it discourages the immigration of European settlers and capitalists. The Civil Service is represented as a haughty, narrow, and exclusive body, which resents the approach of equals, and dreads the inspection of impartial observers. And it is unquestionably true that, for many years, not only was no encouragement given to independent settlers, but the Government made it as clear as possible that the responsible authorities would permit no interference with the administration of the country. They had to determine what were to be the relations of the natives and the conquering race, and their decision was to be final. But it is by no means true that the Company stood alone in advocating the absolute necessity of adhering to this rule. The Judges of the Supreme Courts have left on record their opinion of the enormous evil which a premature and uncontrolled immigration of European settlers would have produced, and the Home Government always acquiesced in the wisdom of what has been since called the Company's exclusiveness. The fact is, that the Indian Government had to establish a certain method of regarding

and treating the natives which was alien to the natural temper of the English adventurer; and until tradition and custom, and the general assent of society, had established that method as the law of the country, there was the greatest danger that the English settler would treat the Hindoo as the Carolina planter treats his negroes. This enormous evil has only been averted by the patience, firmness, and consistency of the Indian Government. There are many sins and shortcomings imputable to the old Indian Administration, but this remains as its imperishable glory and as its permanent service to mankind, that it stood between the insolence of the conquerors and the servility of the conquered, and secured for the native the general recognition that perfect justice is due to him and that complete toleration is due to his creed. Since this has been generally recognised, the objection to the immigration of European settlers has been in a great measure removed. The time has come when European landowners are a source of stability, and not of weakness, to the Government. They can be trusted to lend the aid which the presence of Europeans in outlying districts affords to a Government so small in numbers as that of the English in India, and they can be trusted, if the Government itself is firm, not to oppress the natives. No impediment now exists to their settlement in the country, and the Government shows how fully it appreciates the benefits that European settlers can render by the constant grants it makes of lands to officers who leave the service. The fancy for holding land in India has, indeed, under the patronage of the authorities, become so strong, that an order has very recently been issued which forbids officers still in the service devoting to the cultivation of the landed property they have bought the time that ought to be given to their professional duties. It has become a principle of the Government of India to trust to all Europeans for the military tenure of the country; and the extreme measure has been taken of disarming the natives, and yet allowing the formation of corps of volunteers, which will place weapons in the hands of those on whom the State can rely. The only thing that the Government refuses is that there should be one set of laws for the European, and another for the native.

It is this that the indigo planters really want. Their advocates say that all Europeans are members of an aristocracy in India, and that an aristocracy must be protected by feudal privileges. And certainly, if the planters had their way, they would have one of the most singular privileges that was ever given to an aristocracy. The quarrel between the planter and the ryot is not one between a landowner and the dependents on his land—it is simply a quarrel between two contractors. That one of these contractors should have a summary criminal remedy against the other is pushing the theory of European privileges to the extreme. In some districts of Bengal the planter is really the landowner, and the labourer is hired by him, and then no difficulty whatever arises. The planter grows the crop, takes the risk, and pays the wages. But in far the greater portion of the indigo district of Bengal, the ryot has a possessory interest in the land, which for all practical purposes makes the land his own. He enters into a bargain with the planter, and he finds out that it is a very bad bargain for him. In the great majority of cases, the ryot has inherited the possession of the land with an indigo contract already hanging over it, and as he cannot pay the debt off, he is obliged to submit to the continuance of the contract. But he bitterly complains of the position in which he is placed, and with very fair reason. Indigo is not only a profitable crop in the long run, but it is a wholesome crop for the land, and prepares it for the cultivation of other produce; and, therefore, it at first sight seems very strange that the ryot should entertain such a violent reluctance to growing it. But the mystery is at once explained when the terms of the engagement fixed on him by the European contractor are known. This contractor advances a certain sum per acre, and agrees to take the produce at a price leaving the ryot a remuneration for his labour. The prices are fixed with tolerable fairness, on the calculation that the crop will be an average one. But indigo is a very precarious crop, and sometimes fails almost entirely. Whether it fails or not, the ryot is equally obliged to pay up his debt and interest at the time when the crop is usually ready. The planter thus avoids the whole risk of the cultivation. He makes the ryot insure him against failure. If a bad crop comes, the planter loses the profit he would have made on the sale of the indigo; but he is repaid his outlay. The ryot, on the other hand, has given his labour for nothing, and is in debt to the planter for the seed

which has perished uselessly. This is a heavy blow to him; and if he obtains grace from the planter, and is not called on to pay up what he owes, he purchases his present relief by contracting fresh and more ruinous engagements. He is thus made despondent and reckless, and for the future will not work as hard as, in honesty to his creditor, he ought to do. The planter is enraged at his indolence and deceit, and is very apt to inflict at once the punishment which the law will only inflict after a long delay. The Indigo Commissioners acquit the planters of the graver crimes laid to their charge, but think that the evidence submitted to them shows that some of the planters are apt to take off offending natives by force and imprison them in a private keep of their own. This is an aristocratic and feudal privilege which the Government of India would be false to its whole history if it tolerated for an instant.

The planters claim that what they are not allowed to do for themselves the law shall do for them. They ask that any ryot who will not carry out his contract shall come at once within the grasp of the criminal law and be coerced into industry. The Government, as represented by the majority of the Commissioners, decline this. They say that the planters and the natives, being equal in the eye of the law, have entered into a civil contract, and must abide by the law that regulates civil contracts. The planter can do no more than trust to his civil remedy. The native, however, hardly the contract may bear on him, is bound by it, and if he is sued for debt, and cannot pay, must take the consequences of judgment and execution. But both parties agree that the administration of the law is defective. The planters complain that the Courts are distant and the proceedings tardy. Long before the civil remedy brings punishment to the ryot who has broken his contract, the season for sowing and reaping passes away, and the planter's capital is sacrificed. The natives, too, are apt to become tumultuous and disorderly when enmity springs up between them and the owner of the neighbouring factory. On the other hand, the natives say that they live in terror of the planter, and that when they are oppressed there is no one to help them. The Government admits the justice of these complaints. It answers both the disputants by saying that the civil law must be rigidly and impartially adhered to, but that law shall be made more accessible, and order shall be more effectually preserved. It promises an efficient police to guard and restrain the natives, and it promises an acceleration of civil remedies to the planter. Both objects have indeed been previously provided for by general measures that will soon come into operation. The Bengal police is one of the worst parts of the present administration of India; but the Madras police is a pattern of efficiency, and it is proposed to assimilate as soon as possible the whole police throughout India to the Madras force, which is modelled on the county constabulary of England. A new code of civil procedure is now in force, which will greatly shorten the delays of the law, and the Indigo Commissioners have nothing to suggest except that this code shall be worked by an increased staff of local judges. The answer of the Commissioners to the complaints urged upon them amounts therefore to this—that legal remedies shall be made effective and accessible, but that what is law for a Hindoo must be law for an Englishman.

The little clique that re-echoes at Calcutta the angry complaints of the planters howls against this, and calls heaven to witness that, if this is to be the end, the planters must all be ruined, and the great indigo interest sacrificed for ever. We do not hesitate to say that, if the alternative really lay between ruining the planters on the one hand, and framing laws to establish the privileges of a European aristocracy in India, it would be infinitely better that every indigo-planter should lose every shilling he has than that the Indian Government should abandon for a moment the great principle that the law looks on natives and Europeans as equal. But there is not the slightest reason why the planters should be ruined. While existing contracts are still to be performed, and during the first shock of an altered state of things, the planters will undoubtedly be exposed to the risk of considerable loss, and if the Government can render them any temporary assistance, it will be quite right in doing so. But finally indigo will be grown in Bengal, and contractors for its purchase will flourish. What must come to an end is the present kind of contract. The ryots are now too knowing, and too sure that justice will be done them, to put up with a system under which they take another man's risks. Since the passing of the Act of 1859, gene-

rally known as Currie's Act, by which all questions relating to landed rights receive a speedy decision in the Courts of the Collectors, the ryots have felt a confidence in the tenure of their land, and have imbibed a consequent spirit of independence which will forbid them to acquiesce hopelessly in what they consider an injustice. The Bengal system of growing indigo is only one system out of many. In the North-west the natives grow the crop and bring it in a crude state to the factory to sell; and in Tirhoot the ryot receives his advances without further liability, and is paid so much more for his labour if the crop fails, while, if it succeeds, he receives a sum in addition to his advance. There are no disputes between the planter and the ryot under either of these systems, nor are there any disputes under the system of opium growing adopted by the Government. In Bengal the planters have devised a system, which the ryot, so long as he could not believe that the law would really protect him, endured with more or less patience, but which is unjust in itself, and must pass away now that his condition has been improved by the considerate and long-sighted policy of the Indian Government.

STEPS TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes*, although it always discusses very varied subjects with great honesty and great ability, has not produced any article for many months which can be compared with M. Renan's Essay on the *Religious Future of Modern Societies*, in the number for October 15th. It treats of the position and prospects of the three main divisions of the Christian world with singular largeness, candour, and originality. Perhaps the ordinary English reader might not quite like what he reads. He might receive with pleasure the very decided opinion expressed by one of the first of Oriental scholars, that the religions of Asia are destined to fade away before the only religion that has true vitality; but he might feel reluctant to pursue the train of argument by which M. Renan attempts to establish the improbability of the fusion of Christian sects. But the use of an article like this, written by a great Biblical and Oriental scholar, a man of philosophical habits and of a broad and comprehensive intellect, is not to win agreement but to provoke thought. We do not pretend to discuss the truth or falsity of M. Renan's views. We do not wish to enter on such subjects as the future of Christianity in a manner that must necessarily be inadequate. But a journal that is precluded from serious theological discussion is not precluded from recognising the enormous gain which England and Europe derive from the chief points of theological interest being treated by competent minds with openness and a simple zeal for truth. We wish to welcome every attempt to proclaim that theological discussion, if unreserved and unfettered, is of the highest importance and the deepest interest to society. No one can fail to see that the search after theological truth is one of the most prominent and one of the best signs of the higher order of men in the present day, and that the general width and activity of thought is intimately connected with the activity of theological speculation. Men of all shades of opinion have contributed to give the great intellectual stimulus which the honest treatment of theology bears with it. In more recent days, the most conspicuous and suggestive books have come from writers of a very different school, but unquestionably the great founder of theological inquiry, within the memory of the present generation, was Dr. Newman. England owes a deep debt of gratitude to the man who at least showed what problems were to be faced, and what paths of inquiry must be followed. Subsequent inquirers have only gone on where he showed the way, and there are parts of his writings as much in advance of English opinion in 1860 as they were in 1840. The authors of the most remarkable volume of theological discussion lately published—that called *Essays and Reviews*—stand on ground that Dr. Newman cleared for them, and both they and he have worked to the same end. Whether he was right or they are right, or whether any different set of theologians is more right, in the particular conclusions at which they arrive, it is wholly beyond our province to discuss. The service they have all alike performed, and to which alone we refer, is not that of teaching theological truth, but of vindicating the importance of theological speculation.

It happens that contemporary history is affording at this moment a striking instance of the evils that ensue on the stifling of theological discussion. A religious party that, thirty years ago, was as eminent for its bitter opposition to theological speculation as it has remained since, is paying what it ought to feel a heavy penalty for its narrowness. Thirty years ago, the great Evangelical party was equally determined to uphold Bibliolatry and to put an end to slavery. It taught that a very conventional interpretation of modern texts, which had been vaguely framed by half-instructed men, was to be imposed as an iron rule for the conduct of all English society; and, on the other hand, it grieved with the most unaffected benevolence over the lot and the sufferings of the negro. It has recently occurred to the upholders of slavery in the American Slave States that the

theological tenets of the Evangelicals may be easily applied to defeat their philanthropic aspirations. The literal uncritical use of any part of Scripture that comes most readily to hand suffices to show that the patriarchs kept slaves without compunction or reproach. The planters claim to be in the position of the patriarchs. Their claim can be rejected only if a much wider system of theological criticism is called in aid, and an appeal is made to the general tendencies of Christianity, to the history of the Church, and to the experience of the best men. Those who led the movement against theological speculation in England never dreamt of such a consequence of their doctrines, because they were saved from seeing what their doctrines led to by the influences which in past generations theological speculation and a kindred philosophy had exercised on society. That any one should defend slavery on Evangelical principles never occurred to men who lived in a country where slavery had long been cast out. But in a new country, and in a state of society where slavery prospered, there was nothing to prevent an unhesitating logic from arriving at the convenient conclusions which popular theology threw in its way. And the Southern States are far too sensible of their advantage to neglect it. In the absence of discussion popular theology sanctions slavery, and they therefore take very good care that no important discussions shall break the placid tyranny of popular theology. No religious discussion is permitted in the Slave States, and no form of intellectual activity is tolerated. Utter deadness of thought, with picked texts to sanction the "peculiar institution," is taken as the intellectual and spiritual ideal of society.

While, however, theological speculation, so long as it is honest and industrious, cannot be too active, theology must have its practical side. We want a system of Christian teaching and an embodiment of Christian doctrine that shall have the great merit of existing—that is not in the cloudland of the future, but is a part of the actual world before us. Without trenching on the ground of pure theology, we may observe that we want this for two reasons. In the first place, religion is not a mere affair of the individual. It requires an external machinery—churches, ministers, and endowments; and it must connect itself with the great epochs of family life—with marriages, births, and deaths. Then, again, theological speculation is a thing which interests all men, and not merely a few speculative persons. It would do very little good if it only extended to a few recluses in their studies, or were treated as a mystery belonging to a knot of esoteric philosophers. It must permeate the mass, and become a familiar topic to men of very different degrees of ability and knowledge. As it gets lower, it connects itself more intimately with the practical side of religion, and with all that is established, safe, and orthodox. Far from this being a hindrance to its efficacy, it thus works on a large number of persons in the very way that is most profitable to them. The level of theological thought has been raised and a step has been made towards knowledge. There are, indeed, two great kinds of these steps towards knowledge; and although, perhaps, theology affords the most conspicuous instance, the existence or possibility of these two kinds might be traced in every branch of knowledge that makes advance. There is the unfettered speculation of minds with some pretensions to the name of philosophical, which leads to an increase in the knowledge possessed by those for whom theological speculation has long had an interest, and there is the small and partial effort by which the man who feels a waking interest in theology presents some of the results of secondhand speculation in a safe and unobjectionable shape. The authors of both kinds of steps to knowledge do a very useful work in their way. By the first, a general impetus is given to thought; and, by the second, the mass on which the impetus acts, however faintly, is increased.

It requires, however, some amount of patient reflection to make the forms assumed by these steps to knowledge seem endurable. It requires a constant struggle with our lower nature before we are really impartial in judging of anything that has to do with theology; and it is only with difficulty that we can bring ourselves to admit that those who offend our prejudices make out a good case for themselves. We are also apt to be discouraged and almost offended when we find that a writer who has attracted us by the very plausible manner in which he has offered us bread gives us, in the end, a very poor stone. For example, the author of an article in the last *Westminster Review* on a recent book of English theology, brings a considerable amount of ingenious argument to show that the writers whom he criticises have no business to stop where they do, and ought to go on to the conclusion at which he himself has arrived, which is that mankind should abandon doctrinal religion, and absorb itself in the contemplation of the great notions of law and progress. This seems to us, we confess, a very small and uninviting pebble to keep on swallowing. Then, again, it is hard to do more than admire the eloquence of the great French Ultramontane writers. We cannot avoid coming down upon them at the end of their most triumphant paragraphs with the tacit reflection that all this is mighty fine, but its practical ending is in the massacre of Perugia. Such conclusions of rough commonsense are never to be despised, but it is of the greatest importance for the perception of the benefits of theological speculation that a hasty impatience of whatever comes

across our favourite notions should be assiduously checked, and that we should resolutely go through the pain of understanding what our adversaries mean, and how they come to mean it. Of course it is only when these productions are marked with the stamp of original and vigorous thought that it is worth while to take this trouble; but if a writer really represents a distinct and serious phase of theological thought, his book will certainly be a stepping-stone to knowledge if we make ourselves really masters of his thoughts.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

MR. MUDIE, the proprietor of the well-known Library in New Oxford-street, has inserted a notice in our advertising columns to the effect that he must be understood to reserve a power of selection in the purchase of books. The prominence given to this announcement and the significance of its language have induced us to make some inquiry into the circumstances which called it forth; and the information we have obtained strikes us as important enough to require remark from a literary journal. Mr. Mudie, by his advertisement, seems to invite criticism; and, even if this were not so, his Library exercises so prodigious an influence on literature that the principles on which it is conducted are a matter of public interest. Few innovations effected by a single individual have operated so powerfully, and on the whole so beneficially, as this now celebrated commercial enterprise. Mr. Mudie, when he began his adventure, found the book-trade in a very unsatisfactory state. England was then, as it still is, the dearest country in the world for books; and yet at the same time the natural remedy for this dearth—an efficient machinery for lending—was all but unknown among us. The so-called circulating libraries contained nothing but three-volume novels, while the book clubs established among the more opulent reading classes amounted in practice to an elaborate and expensive contrivance for forcing on to the tables of subscribers the very stupidest publications of the day. Mr. Mudie set all this right by the simple expedient of buying good books and charging moderately for their use. We believe that the effect of his system on the publishing trade has been simply to add to the issue of every volume possessing the smallest interest a number exactly proportioned to the quantity which he takes. The purchasing part of the public, whose inveterate tastes are the chief cause of the expensiveness of books in England, continue their former demand without abatement, while an entirely new class of readers—which twenty years ago seems to have done without books, or to have been satisfied with old ones—depends entirely for intellectual gratification on Mr. Mudie's library, or on the other libraries which his enterprise has called into existence or stimulated into activity. So great a success has involved Mr. Mudie in corresponding responsibilities. His library has become an institution. We might have inferred, *a priori*, from the number of his subscribers, and we gather, *a posteriori*, from the somewhat servile letters which certain publishers have written to exonerate him from the charges we shall presently notice, that Mr. Mudie is in a position to make himself the dictator of literature. It is, therefore, most important to ascertain the limits within which he may legitimately exercise control over the interests which have been accidentally committed to his care.

It seems that Mr. Mudie has been accused of regulating his purchase of particular publications, not by the demand for them, but by his personal preferences; and this, it is urged, is a breach of contract with the public. The accusations come from many different quarters—a circumstance, we may at once say, which in itself proves little or nothing, as literary vanity is quite enough to account for any amount of unreasonable complaining from authors disappointed with the great Librarian's purchases. The authors of the charge descend, however, to particulars. Clergymen of somewhat exalted views assert that there has been a suspicious difficulty in obtaining the Bishop of Oxford's *Addresses*; and laymen of the same school affirm that novels of their favourite theological hue—a species of polemical artillery in which they are particularly strong—are either excluded altogether or supplied in insufficient quantity. On the other hand, it is affirmed, and not, we may believe, by the same persons, that Mill on *Liberty* was for a long time a surprisingly scarce book at Mr. Mudie's; and others observe that some of Mr. Charles Reade's smaller romances are not in the library at all. The insinuation is, that a certain definite sort of repugnances are allowed to govern the purchases, and it is evident that, if the facts charged were established, they would be consistent with a system of selection and rejection conducted in a Scotch and puritan spirit. But, after carefully reading through the correspondence which has appeared, we are bound to say that we think the specific charges not proved. Mr. Mudie, whose personal character is unimpeachable, emphatically denies having followed any rule except the demand in procuring most of the books mentioned, and at least as many witnesses depose to their plentifulness in the library as to their scarcity. We should not ourselves have mingled in the dispute if Mr. Mudie had not published the notice which appeared in our columns, and had not addressed a letter to a weekly contemporary. Both these documents claim the right to act upon principles which strike us as either dangerous or altogether objectionable.

Mr. Mudie rebuts the accusation that he violates his implied compact with the public by pointing out that he has always called his Library a "Select" Library, and has thus formally reserved to himself the power of selection. But the question is not as to the power of selection, but as to its limits. When Mr. Mudie first styled his Library "Select," he doubtless intended to distinguish it from the common circulating libraries of the time which bought nothing but novels, and those only in the three-volume form. Now, however, that his enterprise has prospered beyond what must have been his wildest expectations, now that he absorbs a third or a half of the entire issue of particular publications, it is a very formidable conclusion to build on this little word "Select" if he means to argue that it authorizes him to bind and to loose the saints and sinners of literature. It is the more necessary that we should express our opinion on the point, because it happens that on a former occasion we called on Mr. Mudie to exercise his liberty of rejection. He had inadvertently admitted to his shelves a strange book, containing a foul and excessively indecent libel on the reigning King of Holland, and, in remarking that the volume before us had Mudie's label on its cover, we called his attention to the responsibility he incurred by suffering such a work to be circulated through his agency. We have now to state that the limits which we then impliedly assigned to his responsibility seem to us exactly those within which it is legitimately confined. He is bound to see that the books he purchases are not polluted by the lower forms of immorality. We do not think that he is entitled to go an inch further; and we say that, for the rest, he ought entirely to be guided by the demand—or, to use the slang commercial phrase, which in this case is peculiarly applicable, by the "inquiry." Anything beyond the exclusion of downright indecency would subject a large section—and in some sense the most important section—of the educated class to a virtual censorship. It is a curious result of freedom and open competition that it sometimes places the public in exactly the same situation in which it would have been placed by a despotic and paternal Government. We often see this exemplified in the management of Railway and other public Companies; and, in Mr. Mudie's case, we are for the present almost as much at his mercy in literary matters as the Parisians are at M. de la Guérinière's. It is of vital importance that a power which might be despotically used shall be scarcely used at all. Mr. Mudie may be, as his assailants plainly insinuate, a narrow Nonconformist sectarian, or he may be, as the author of *Tom Brown's School-days* (a much better witness) energetically affirms, an educated, enlightened, and philanthropic gentleman; but in either case the very idea of his exercising supervision over literature is absolutely intolerable. It seems hard to lay down that Mr. Mudie cannot, of his own motion, exclude a trashy novel; but even in this case we think the demand should govern. Nothing very bad indeed would be asked for by Mr. Mudie's subscribers; and when once he, and not they, undertakes to decide, a multitude of considerations are at once let in as to the nature of trashiness, and the danger is only the greater if Mr. Mudie be a man of education and of formed tastes. To take a perhaps extreme example, we suspect that the conception of trashiness entertained by the *Saturday Review* is not precisely the same with that of many among our contemporaries. Anybody who compares the opinions expressed in these pages with the string of complimentary notices which hangs to the tail of many a literary kite, will be convinced that there may be great varieties of judgment even on the simple issue of utter worthlessness. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to learn that Mr. Mudie had adopted our canons of criticism, but we own we should think his subscribers ill-used if he carried them out in his purchases.

The inadmissibility of Mr. Mudie's principle seems to us to be established by the particular instance in which he has undertaken to defend it. He allows that he has excluded a religious novel called *Miriam May*, and he defends the exclusion. Now, we have not read *Miriam May*, and we dare say it is one of the last books we should ask for at Mr. Mudie's counter. But Mr. Mudie's case is that *Miriam May* is trashy, that it is trashy because its tendency is bad, and that its tendency is bad because, being a High Church tale, it represents an Evangelical clergyman as having obtained a Bishopric through a fraud. Heavens and earth! what innocence is this! With what baptism of rose-water was Mr. Mudie baptized—in which of Dr. Cumming's millennial Scotch glens did he pass his youth—that he should think this an extraordinary departure from justice and verisimilitude on the part of a theological fiction-writer! Why, there was that good Mrs. Sherwood, in the days of our childhood, who wrote a story once a twelvemonth against the Roman Catholics. In every story there was a priest, and every priest was an unrepentant villain; and, in fact, Mrs. Sherwood's stories might be classified according to the particular article of the decalogue which was violated—they were all violated in turn—by her sacerdotal hero. It is time, indeed, to protest against Mr. Mudie's principle when this is given as the simplest instance of its operation. He declares he does not intend to exercise any influence worth speaking of through his system of purchasing, and the first thing he undertakes to do is to cure theological partisans of the habit of attributing bad actions and bad motives to one another!

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.

IN a recent number of the *Times* there appeared a justification of the system of competitive examinations against the attacks of the *Quarterly Review*. The writer reduced the question to a very short point indeed. Are you more likely, he asked, to get good servants when you choose them by chance, or when you choose them by a competitive examination intended to test their merits? If the latter is the true method, the case is at an end. We are not concerned to defend the line taken by the *Quarterly Review*, but we think that the subject is one of very great importance, and that it can by no means be settled by the simple consideration which the writer in the *Times* applied to it. Our view of the matter is, that competitive examinations are not only not a good test of a man's qualifications for any office of importance, but that they are altogether fallacious—that they would infallibly exclude from office the persons best qualified to hold it, whilst they would bring into office men distinguished for nothing but mediocrity—and that, as to offices of little importance, they would admit a rather better class of public servants than are appointed under the present system, at the expense of producing most serious collateral inconveniences, and of establishing a thoroughly dangerous principle.

Taking, first, the case of offices of importance, it must be observed that no one has ever proposed to apply the principle of competition to them. No one thinks of appointing judges, even in the inferior courts, ambassadors or ministers, heads of departments, governors of colonies, or even inspectors of schools, mines, or factories, by competitive examination. The proposal to do so would be stigmatized at once by the common sense of the country as too absurd and pedantic to be maintained for a moment. Yet why is this? If the principle laid down by the *Times* is worth anything, it ought to apply to important offices with more force than to unimportant ones. It seems a strange policy to acquiesce in the system of appointing judges by chance, and to stand out for appointing copying clerks by competitive examinations. It may be answered, that the judge is a known man, that his function is exercised in public, and attracts a great deal of attention from the world at large, and that therefore the public are protected against scandalous appointments. This is, no doubt, quite true so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. The publicity of the judge's position may answer the purpose of a test, but it does not supply the place of a competition. It prevents a man from being put upon the bench who has never held a brief; but it does not secure the promotion of the ablest man. The question, therefore, still remains—why not have a competitive examination for your judges as well as for your clerks? The real answer is a perfectly sufficient one, but it is one which shows that competitive examinations are either altogether useless, or must, if they are not to become a nuisance of a very serious kind, be confined to an extremely narrow sphere. It is derived from considering the conditions under which examinations are possible. In order to be fair, examinations must be definite, and they must be conducted before examiners who are greatly superior to the persons examined in their knowledge of the subject-matter of examination. You can examine a man in Latin or in arithmetic, but you cannot examine him in general ability or moral courage. Moreover, the examiner must be the superior of the party examined. If a set of experienced lawyers were set to compose a legal argument by way of competition for the place of a judge, it would constantly be mere matter of opinion which was the best, and the candidates would have quite as much right to their own opinion as the examiners. The sphere of competitive examinations is thus restricted to cases in which definite knowledge is to be displayed by the candidates, and in which the examiners are their recognised superiors. Each of these conditions narrows their value most seriously, both in respect of the sort of qualities which examinations can test, and in respect of the sort of persons who can be expected to submit to them. As to the sort of qualities which competitive examinations can test, it is to be observed that the power of passing through them successfully depends almost entirely upon the power of receiving into the mind a very definite conception of the subject-matter of examination, and of reproducing it clearly and neatly upon demand. It is, no doubt, quite possible to conceive examinations by which other powers of the mind might be tested, but in practice no other power is tested, for the reason just assigned—namely, that the subject of examination must be definite. A competitive examination may almost be defined as a means of ascertaining whether particular persons have, and can reproduce upon demand, definite knowledge upon a definite subject. The mental qualities, therefore, which will be tested by competitive examinations are those which enable people to obtain and to reproduce upon demand definite knowledge of definite subjects. The most prominent of these qualities is stillness and docility. A person who will look at things from the precise point of view at which his teacher wants to place him—who will follow the exact path which has been laid down for him, without any deviation to the right hand or the left, and without allowing his mind to be drawn away to any other subject—who sees no objections, and nourishes no latent scepticism as to the authorized established set of opinions which his teachers impress upon him—has an advantage over his neighbours in preparing for a competitive examination which cannot be overrated. If to this is added a certain neatness and dexterity of expression, nothing more is required to enable

any one to pass a first-rate examination, except, indeed, the motive for doing so, which is usually to be found in a peculiar type of personal ambition. Competitive examinations are, under our present system, the great motive power of all schemes of education, and the inclination to excel in them is accordingly strongest in the sort of mind which is naturally inclined to set a high value on juvenile successes. This is not, perhaps, a bad, but it is certainly not a very good turn of mind. It implies a certain preciseness and formality of character, and a constant inclination to defer to established authority, and to attach great importance to the express approbation of recognised superiors.

It follows from all this that competitive examinations are fit only for boys or lads, and that even with respect to them they test only the lower kinds of merit, whilst all the higher qualities—originality, independence, love of knowledge for its own sake—are positive disqualifications for success in them. A man who studies a subject in his own way, and for his own purposes, has an infinitely greater knowledge of it than one who has been taught it for the purposes of an examination, even if he has been taught it really well; but he has, in all probability, less definite and producible knowledge of the particular facts relating to it. A man who had made for years a philosophical study of some great subject—law, medicine, or any branch of science—would probably be beaten in an examination upon it by a clever youth who had specially prepared himself. And in the same way, of two clever youths going in for an examination, the one who possessed least originality of character would probably have the advantage; for originality, especially whilst the character is immature, almost always stands in the way of docility, and very frequently interferes with neatness and dexterity. Competitive examinations are thus essentially unfavourable to all the higher mental gifts, whilst it is not even asserted that they are in any way related to the moral qualities.

The second condition under which they are possible—the recognised superiority of the examiners over the candidates—creates, and seems to be admitted to create, an insuperable objection to the application of the system to offices to which men are appointed in their maturity—that is, to all offices of any real importance. It thus appears that competitive examinations should be confined to offices of little importance, which are filled by boys or youths in whom the higher mental qualities are not required; and it may be admitted that, by a system of competitive examinations a higher average both of docility and of dexterity would be obtained amongst persons in such situations. In other words, the junior clerkships at public offices would be rather better filled than they are now, as far as intellectual qualifications go. That is the advantage, and the whole advantage, which a system of competitive examinations would insure; but even that advantage would be qualified by a consideration which almost entirely destroys its value. Intellectual aptitude is certainly one element of fitness for a public office; but another and an equally important one is that a man should like, and be contented with, his situation. No one can doubt that, by the offer of immediate independence, coupled with the distinction which success in a public examination affords, it is possible to attract clever and brilliant lads into a position which is far below what they might have obtained in the great open competition of the world. It so happens that we have a perfect illustration of the consequences of such a course. As our readers probably are aware, a system of examinations and certificates for the teachers of elementary schools has been in operation for about fifteen years. There are elaborate examinations, and nine classes of certificates, carrying a corresponding money value. The schools in which the certificated masters are employed are annually inspected, and the reports of the inspectors are annually published. They give a curious result, and one which the partisans of competitive examinations would do well to lay to heart. All the inspectors say that the trained teachers are far superior to those who are not trained; but they are also unanimously of opinion that the rate of the certificate affords no guide whatever to the goodness of the teacher. In other words, the training is good, and the competition a complete failure.

The disadvantages which would be the price of the small and doubtful advantage that competitive examinations would procure are most serious. In the first place, the clerks admitted by competition would be continually pressing their claim to be appointed to the higher offices of their departments. They would say—We are picked men, appointed by competition, and yet you postpone us to men who have never been inside the office in their lives, and whom you appoint by mere patronage and personal selection. This would be a most specious grievance, and it would be one which, in these days of pedantic mistrust of all public men, would be listened to with great sympathy, and would have a very fair chance of success. The consequences of yielding to this clamour may be anticipated from what we have already said. The public service would lose the advantage of obtaining valuable officers from the unofficial world—which is the best protection against official dryness and pedantry—and the most important posts would be filled by men who had been chosen by a system which is positively opposed to originality and force of character, and which sets an unnatural premium on mere boyish accomplishments. At present high offices are seldom jobbed, because the personal credit and comfort of the head of the department depend upon their being filled efficiently.

Another consequence would be, that the State would take

upon itself a sort of schoolmaster function for which it is altogether unfit, and that the country would be inoculated with the fatal thirst for Government employment, which has been such a curse to most Continental nations. There is hardly a place of education in the whole nation which would not feel the influence of such a system, and which would not be injured by it if it were fully developed. In short, it is hard to say whether the public service or the nation at large would suffer most from a system which would produce heartburnings and disappointed ambition on the one hand, which, on the other, it could only remove by aggravating every fault which is at present laid to the charge of the public offices.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

SPEAKERS at public meetings are rather anxious to assure the world that the Volunteers have no idea of conquering it. "Defence, not defiance," is stated to be the motto of the force. In very high quarters it was at one time considered necessary to insist that no suspicion of the designs of France entered into the minds of those who called upon their countrymen to arm and train. There was, of course, the difficulty of explaining on what ground so great an innovation on the habits of the age was called for. But this difficulty might have been removed by laying the whole burden of explanation upon the shoulders of the Registrar-General. Foreigners might have been informed that the lists of mortality in Great Britain gave overwhelming evidence of the necessity of the Volunteer Movement, and that those whom they mistook for soldiers were called, to speak accurately, Kinesipathists. As stated in a recent publication, called the *Volunteers' Manual of Health*, "Physiological and anatomical facts have multiplied to demonstrate the practicability and utility of this movement to the human frame." In fact, that oft repeated phrase, "the Volunteer Movement," means nothing more than the movement of Volunteers in certain prescribed exercises, according to a system which is propounded by the author of the above sentence. There is, in truth, no question about the greatness or safety of the country, but only about the health, temper, strength, and longevity of her sons. We have nothing to do with the numbers of the French army, the defenceless state of London, or the facility of transporting troops by steam. Our sole concern is with the "physiological and anatomical facts" now published in a shilling manual. It is indeed most fortunate that we are thus enabled to place the Volunteer organization upon the broadest basis. No impediment can now exist to Mr. Bright's enrolling himself forthwith in the national association for practising the extension motions. He may, indeed, possibly be offended by a term which belongs to the vocabulary of the drill-sergeant, and therefore we will rather say the association "for the systematic development of man's manly form," according to the system of Henry Smith, M.D., and "by reference to nature, to analogy, and to the laws of God."

It is pleasant to observe the various contrivances for making a profit out of the Volunteers. The proprietors of casinos, having satisfied the Middlesex magistrates of their determination to elevate and purify popular taste, unite with the duty they have thus undertaken that of inviting the Volunteers at frequent intervals to sport their uniforms at a shilling hop. We know how tailors and gun-makers have been active in improving the opportunity. The celebrated Mr. Hans Busk, like other eminent characters, is now lecturing in the provinces, for the emolument either of himself or of those who "beg to announce having succeeded in engaging" him; and audiences have been prepared by the rural Barnum to behold the man who founded an organization which now counts 150,000 members. Indeed, Mr. Busk, or those who blow the trumpet for him, rather seem to claim a sort of copyright in the Volunteer movement; and we are not at all sure that the Court of Chancery may not be called upon to protect him in the enjoyment of his vested interest in patriotism. We have, indeed, some doubt as to whether all these 150,000 Volunteers were really enlisted by Mr. Busk. But as regards any similar pretensions which may be hereafter raised by the author of the *Volunteers' Manual*, we are bound to admit that Dr. Henry Smith has established a distinct property in "this great physical awakening," which has been erroneously supposed to have a political significance.

We should expect that Dr. Smith will sell his "Manual," and that some increase of practice will accrue to him at the address from which he dates the preface to it. But we do not anticipate that any considerable number of "patients"—which we think, by the way, is not a pleasing name for Volunteers—are likely to develop their manly forms by the study of the descriptions and diagrams which occupy Dr. Smith's pages. There is a whole tribe of similar books which pretend to teach active exercises by written and illustrated directions, and which we take to be the most complete waste of type and paper that this age has seen. All such manuals may be compared to a rustic's directions to a traveller who inquires the way through fields and lanes. They are perfectly intelligible when, by some other means, you have found the road. We will not speak of riding, or fencing, or rowing, on which exercises many such books exist. Let us take some humbler accomplishment, such, for example, as the goose-step. Let Mr. Hans Busk's one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-and-first recruit buy, not one, but all, the manuals of drill, including

Mr. Busk's own, and peruse and collate the same, and practise the movements which appear to be therein prescribed. We venture to predict that this recruit's goose-step will be the most afflicting spectacle that ever grieved a drill-sergeant's eye. The self-instructed Volunteer, when he comes to be exercised in company, will give much more trouble to his officers than if he had never been awakened to a sense of his "physical degeneracy." The real use of these books is not to help the learner, but the teacher, by expressing in clear and exact language the directions which he ought to give, and suggesting warnings against mistakes and unsightly tricks to which experience has shown beginners to be liable. And, even if it were possible to learn more than can be learned from manuals, we should still say that exercise in company and under an instructor is far more valuable than solitary and undirected efforts. Of course there are men capable of persevering in the use of clubs and dumb-bells, and even of making progress in gymnastics, without the stimulus of example or the cheering influence of society. But such men are rare exceptions. And even those who perform their exercises for the prescribed time will go through them in a spiritless and languid fashion, counting the minutes during which they have resolved to sustain the task. It is therefore a delusion to pretend either that self-taught gymnastics are likely to be well taught, or that the practice of them in solitude, however perfectly acquired, can have all the promised influence upon the health.

Our own desire would be to see public gymnasia and schools of arms in every town, arranged simply and economically, and embracing the widest possible variety of classes. We have some hope that the usual philanthropic machinery will in time be brought to bear upon this subject. It is at least as important as drinking fountains, and would do more to promote temperance than all the tracts and tea-pots in Great Britain. The best way to get young men to moderate their use of spirits and tobacco is not to preach against those stimulants, but to show that those who indulge freely in them cannot attain to the excellence they desire in games of bodily skill and strength. We do not desire to see what are specially called gymnastics supersede the active sports which have so long been popular in England. Those exercises have, however, this important recommendation, that they can be practised in the heart of a large town, where rowing, cricket, and football are impossible. There ought to be a gymnasium wherever there are public baths, so as to place the means both of exercise and cleanliness within reach even of those classes who at present do not seem likely to become Volunteers. As Dr. Smith, with more truth than elegance, remarks, "the body, with many parties, is seldom bathed." But dirty parties in most large towns are now offered the opportunity which they neglect; whereas lazy and dyspeptic parties still await the interference of the benevolent and public-spirited. It seems that in America the "locomotive system," as Dr. Smith calls it, is beginning to receive more attention than it meets with among ourselves. At Boston there has been held "a ladies' exhibition of gymnastic, calisthenic, and dancing exercises," with the Mayor—not the Mayoress—to distribute the prizes and make the speeches, and, of course, to witness the performances. This, perhaps, is going rather far. But if publicity be disliked, Dr. Smith offers a suggestion for a domestic gymnasium, where the mother may superintend her daughters' exercises of the joints and muscles according to the directions of his Manual, and "join in them herself, as they will contribute much to her own health and happiness." We leave Dr. Smith to advise the ladies, and shall confine ourselves to demanding gymnasia and schools of arms for men. There ought at least to be one at the head-quarters of every Volunteer corps. The expense of such establishments need not be great, and the good they would do is incalculable. Dr. Smith is bold enough to say that "gymnastic institutions, to develop the human structure to its highest perfection, are the most urgent want of this generation;" and he argues that the strong are brave, and the brave are good—e.g. Garibaldi. Perhaps this reasoning is not quite conclusive. Nevertheless we cannot help wishing that gymnasia were at least as plentiful as mechanics' institutes.

DESULTORY CHARITY.

A LETTER signed with the initials "W. D. B." appeared in the *Times* of the 20th October, which moots a subject of large and permanent importance, and one which at the present moment assumes pressing interest. We are about to enter on a winter which must tell severely on all classes. The war taxes—the more galling because they are not demanded by an absolute state of warfare—will force the duty of economy on every household. Every class will be screwed down one peg; and in this hydraulic pressure upon society, the lowest layer in the social system will be crushed with all the weight which high taxes, combined with high prices, can lay on the poor and struggling. The calls for relief and the cry of suffering humanity will be raised with spasmodic earnestness; and though we have no doubt that it will be answered with more than the usual munificence, it is as well beforehand to see whether it is not possible to grapple with poverty on something more of system and method than usually characterizes the careless and improvident generosity of relief. As to any Utopian scheme of putting an end to poverty, or permanently raising the sick and needy and improvident

beyond want, that is not to be thought of. The cry will always swell up fitfully, and must be answered by special means; but there is no reason, in the exceptional occurrence of periods of distress, for a desultory and unsystematic way of dealing with it. In relieving, or attempting to relieve, distress, as in other things, a period of panic is the worst time for devising new modes of meeting an evil. The usual way in which the London winter of the London poor presents itself to London generally is a case or two of extreme and startling distress—a pictorial and vivid description in the newspapers of one of the Homes for the Homeless—a terrible tale of sorrow, in which the workhouse breaks down, and the police magistrates appeal to the charitable and humane—a letter from a hard-worked incumbent in Bethnal Green or Limehouse, or some telling extracts from the journal of a City missionary. The appeal is always answered. The indiscriminate shower of subscriptions pours down in plentiful abundance. Belgravia and Tyburnia are smitten with the sudden discovery that the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and the doom for him whose chief fault seems to have been that he did not—that is, that he would not—know of the beggar at his gates, comes unpleasantly home to the wearers of British purple and fine linen. And what is hastily given is badly distributed. The traders in mendicancy get at least their share of the spoil, and what sentiment and feeling, rather than principle, collect, improvidence and thoughtlessness often distribute.

It is easy to say, and we shall hear the sentiment in all the charity sermons which will be preached about Christmas time, that mere money-giving is not alms-giving. And it is quite true. The theme was handled in a leading article in the *Times* which garnished W. D. B.'s letter, who told us, as if it were a novel truth, that we ought to give sympathy as well as money, and that tickets and ruled books made but a poor, cold, heartless mode of charity. What the writer meant to say was, that responsibility was not at an end when the cheque was signed, or the sovereign laid on the collecting-plate. And here again he was right. But when the inference was suggested that it was everybody's duty to visit the poor, this sentiment, even in the general, must be accepted with modifications. It is not given to everybody to visit the poor. We can quite understand that the city merchant and barrister would make a desperate bungle of it in the garret or the cellar. We do not mean that he would be simply taken in. Every parson and sister of charity, every relieving-officer, and every city missionary and district visitor, is sure to be taken in once and again. And where the practised hands fail, the amateurs who are about to drive down from Grosvenor-square to Whitechapel, would be doubly deceived. But we mean more than this. A lady, and still more, a gentleman, taking to visiting in an extemporaneous fit of sensibility, would soon be at the end of her or his capacity. The lawyer would blow his nose and talk of the weather, and be at his wit's end what to say next, or how to get at the facts of the case. And nine times out of ten he would cut the matter short with another half-a-crown, and the attempt at sympathy would realize very disagreeably to both parties that there was no sympathy in the matter. Mutual disgust would be the consequence, and the charitable visitor, finding that he was utterly incapable of the work, would think the poor and all belonging to them a great bore, while, on the other hand, the starving mechanic, whose faculties and insight into character poverty prematurely sharpens, would feel himself wronged, and would, from the awkward failure of the interview, treasure up a galling remembrance of the gulf fixed between the rich and the poor. We are convinced that vicarious alms-giving, and the recurrence to the almoner, is not only all that many well-disposed persons can do, but it is the best they can do.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that there is cause enough for the present reaction against the stereotyped forms of alms-giving. Societies of the philanthropic kind have not forgotten the charity which begins at home, and which provides for secretaries, collectors, administrators, visitors, and printers, at a percentage beyond proportion to their receipts, and beyond all relation to their results. W. D. B. has done great service in proposing a scheme which provides for an entirely gratuitous administration. The sums he and his friends hope to collect are to be gathered without cost and expended without cost. And in attempting to combine all existing societies and organizations for aiding those who aid the poor, a considerable economy, both in time and the expenses of collection, will be effected. There is not that absolute novelty in all W. D. B.'s suggestions which struck the writer in the *Times*, to whom the subject evidently presented itself as a discovery. There is probably not a church nor a meeting-house in London which has not its staff of district visitors, who collect gratuitous information about cases of distress, and administer gratuitous relief, and who personally investigate cases of poverty. House-to-house visitation has been thought of before, and has been long practised; and there is a society which does its work at least under the influence of W. D. B.'s views—the District Visiting Association at St. Martin's-place. It is, we believe, entirely under clerical management, but it is not guided in its distribution of alms by religious professions. The difference between this society and W. D. B.'s scheme, is the larger and more expansive nature of the latter. It covers a wider field, and we can quite believe that any central Board which recognises every existing institution, which assists

and guides all, which makes grants to actual and working organizations, which calls out, and while it systematizes, directs, and even controls, individual and casual beneficence, would be a great gain. Indeed, the peculiarity, and therefore the advantage, of the proposed plan is, that it seeks to be at once the Mendicity Society, the Visiting Association, the Magistrate's Poor-box, the Church collection, and the Refuge and Dispensary. Its possible failure may be in attempting to cover too large a field. There is a necessity for local as well as for general activity; and, though it would be an immense saving to unite, and in the end to absorb, this expensive system of charity, yet this good may be purchased at the risk of personal and local interest. The apparent danger is, that so large and central an authority should in the end degenerate into a bureau. The Poor-law of England has become a mere machinery, and it is of the nature of the centralizing method to fall into the very error which W. D. B. feels so keenly. A large body must aim at severity, system, method, and economy. It is necessary to centralization to repress individual action. The counter influence proposed by W. D. B. is ingenious, and, we believe, will be effective. It is to encourage volunteer agents—men and women—who will investigate, will visit, will relieve, and will watch the consequences and results of relief.

We have already said that we do not think every lady and gentleman is born a district visitor. But we believe that there are many unemployed persons among the comfortable classes who might become excellent nurses and teachers and advisers of the poor. There is many a Lady Clara Vere de Vere whose misfortune is that she has never had, not the will, but the opportunity of ministering to her brethren and sisters. And certainly, one advantage of W. D. B.'s proposal is that, in spite of the difficulties attendant upon centralization, his scheme does provide that the East and West—St. Giles and St. James—should meet together. The speciality of a great city is that it has its rich and its poor quarters. Westward we have a superfluity of means, counterbalanced in the East by its absolute absence. There has been a cry raised—and a sharp winter is likely enough to intensify it—which has rather a socialistic twang. East-end "Incumbents" will press their argument for equalizing the Poor-rate; and when the rate is equalized, it will be a step towards equalizing the property which produces the rate. Some such plan as that which we have been discussing will take the sting out of these communistic proposals. The West of London ought to minister to the East; but the ministration to be healthy must be voluntary, and the contribution must be in men as well as in money, must be moral as well as material. One of the sins of district visiting as it now exists is that in the poorest localities there is an absolute impossibility in finding and employing really suitable agents of charity. The unoccupied in shabby neighbourhoods are those who cannot be trusted; and many a clergyman has in despair abandoned his district visitors because they not only gave him more trouble than the poor themselves, but because they did absolute harm to themselves and to the poor. To visit the poor profitably requires gifts of discrimination, patience, tenderness, tact, and diligence, which not every spinster or every enthusiastic lad possesses. Gossiping and tale-bearing and tale-gathering are the form which collecting information about the poor often takes even in the superior classes of district visitors. In the lower ranks of society these tendencies increase, and district visitors deteriorate according to their social position. If, as we conjecture, W. D. B. proposes to send better educated district visitors to the East of London, he will have solved a problem which has long perplexed the clerical mind in those parts. And if, in addition to this, which supplies a want, his proposals—at present only tentative—require information, advice, criticism, and correction, before they are finally adopted, we shall perhaps be doing some amiable people and our common cause a service by remarking that W. D. B.'s address is at Ebers' Library, 27, Old Bond-street.

THE CASUS BELLI IN NEW ZEALAND.

IF any disaster should come of the little war of races into which we are plunging at the Antipodes, of course the Government at home will be held responsible. Possibly they may hold it a duty to defend at any cost their absent officers. But in spite of this constitutional form, the reality is unfortunately all the other way. They are never consulted about the constant wars at distant points which bring us such large bills and such little credit, and which it is afterwards their onerous task to justify. Subordinate officials of small celebrity and narrow functions have unfortunately the terrible power of loading us with taxes, and burdening the English name with responsibilities which no statesman under the eye of public opinion at home would have ventured to undertake. Whatever complicity the English Government may hereafter find themselves driven by the force of circumstances to assume, we propose in an unconstitutional way to discuss the war as the act, and the sole act, of Governor Browne.

The policy of the war has been much canvassed in New Zealand; and the pleadings on both sides have now arrived in England. Several Englishmen of high character and calm judgment are of opinion that the war is an unjust one. The mass of the settlers, on the other hand, entertain no misgivings

as to the justice of their cause, and call passionately for more troops, fiercer measures, and the rejection of all proposals for what they term a premature peace. The case of the natives, embodied in a pamphlet by Archdeacon Hadfield, has been for some months in England. The Governor, with more official deliberation, has only just printed and sent home the despatches which contain his own justification. The controversy is by no means one on which Englishmen can afford to look with indifference. The last New Zealand war is stated, on good authority, to have cost several thousand pounds for every Maori we killed. There is no ground for believing that the present contest will be a cheaper luxury. A New Zealand war has, therefore, this amount of interest for the English public, that it is only a circuitous mode of expressing the more familiar idea of an extra penny or an extra twopenny on the Income-tax.

The cause in dispute is in itself very complicated, but the story of the quarrel is simple enough. The settlers of New Plymouth have long wanted land; and especially they have cast the eyes of desire on a bit of valuable land adjoining the mouth of the river Waitara, just to the north of their settlement, which, as the Governor expresses it, is "essentially necessary for the consolidation of the province." There was only one difficulty in the way of the gratification of this legitimate desire, and that was, that the land belonged to Maori proprietors who did not choose to sell it. To remove this difficulty, Governor Browne was brought down from Auckland, and made an expedition up to the Waitara to see if he could either entice or overawe the recalcitrant proprietors. Having summoned a meeting of natives, and announced that he would never buy land "without an undisputed title," he invited them to offer their land. Thereupon one Teira got up and offered to sell the coveted block at the mouth of the river Waitara. The offer was not allowed to pass uncontested. Another native, named Paora, denied Teira's pretension of sole ownership; and William King, the chief of the tribe, resident on the land in question, told the Governor, "Waitara is in my hands, I will not give it up." It seems that the English language, like everything else, is upside down at the antipodes, for this appears to have answered Governor Browne's notion of an undisputed title. Without any further ceremony than an investigation of title conducted in the office of a deputy land-agent, he closed with Teira's offer, and seized upon the land. William King, still maintaining his own right, resisted, first, the surveyors, and then the troops. Blood was shed, and a native war has been the result.

There are two questions raised by Governor Browne's proceedings—a legal one and a political one; and the legal question is very far the smallest of the two. It is very difficult to arrive at even an approximate conclusion as to the strict legal rights of the parties to the dispute, for both the facts and the law are differently stated on either side. The Governor asserts that Teira and his friends were the true and sole proprietors. Archdeacon Hadfield, on the other hand, declares that William King had a proprietary right in the land, and that whatever rights Teira possessed he possesses through his father, a gentleman named Tamati Raru, who was opposed to the sale. This fact, if true, would fatally invalidate Teira's right to alienate. But of Tamati Raru's opposition to the sale there is no trace in the despatches. On the contrary, his name appears by the side of Teira's as signatory to a figurative epistle, in which Teira and his friends exhort the Governor in this fashion:—

Our thoughts are that you should shorten our work and pay us for our piece of land at Waitara, because, if it is prolonged, it will be the same as a female forsaken by her lover. But marry, then we shall sleep properly upon the sacred law of God.

If, after signing this letter, Tamati Raru assured Archdeacon Hadfield that he had opposed the sale, it is evident that he was addicted to romancing. On the other hand, the hypothesis is quite conceivable that his signature was attached, without authority, by his hopeful son Teira. Similar issues on matters of fact meet us at every turn. Governor Browne makes a great deal of an admission which a land agent is supposed to have extracted from William King, to the effect that Teira *had* this much-disputed right to the bit of land. But then Archdeacon Hadfield replies that William King never made any such admission, and that the notion that he had done so had no other origin than the land agent's ignorance of the Maori idiom. Anyhow, King's letter to the Governor, proclaiming his own right to the land, is printed in these very papers; and, therefore, of his protests there could have been no doubt whatever. Then there is a whole crop of intricate questions touching William King's *mana*—i.e., his feudal right as chief, under Maori law, to veto the alienation of land by any member of the tribe. He had been absent a few years on a trading expedition. Did his absence destroy his *mana*? Or was it revived by his return? During that absence the Waikatos had overrun the land, and then retired. Did that foray transfer the *mana* to them? Then it so happened that, during his absence, the fraudulent purchases of the New Zealand Company took place, and that this block of land was involved in their transactions, and in all the network of revised and revised rearrangements which arose out of them. In short, it was as thorny a case as could well have been generated by the combination of uncertain law with disputed fact. It was just the sort of case which the Court of Chancery, in its old unreformed condition, would have gloated over and mumbled for at least half a century.

It is quite clear that no authority in England can ever have the means of forming any decisive opinion as to the legal merits of the dispute. But it will not be by the mere legal merits that Governor Browne will be judged. Even if he was in the right, it was no case for applying the *summum jus*; and he applied it in a despotic fashion which turned it into the deepest injustice. There were grave political considerations which could not have been absent from his mind. We can judge, from his own papers, of the delicacy of the position in which he knew himself to stand. In August last year, before his course upon this question had been finally taken, he writes thus to the Secretary of State:—

I cannot, even by silence, lead you to suppose that I consider the force stationed in New Zealand sufficient to maintain the peace of the colony if threatened either from within or from without. . . . There are seldom wanting disaffected Europeans who, for wilful purposes (*sic*), desire to foment discord between the two races; and, by the last mail from Wellington, I learn that a deserter and others have been disturbing the minds of the natives in that neighbourhood, and exciting them to arms; that they were purchasing arms extensively and being drilled; and that they had used menaces which had alarmed both the settlers and the civil authorities. I trust these fears will prove exaggerated, and that the evil influence has not spread beyond the district. If, however, blood were once shed by Europeans, even in self-defence, it would be impossible to foresee the consequences. Some unprotected family would probably be murdered in revenge; the murderers would find countenance and support in their tribe; and the flames of war, once kindled, would extend throughout the island.

Mr. Richmond, the New Zealand Prime Minister, gives a similar picture of the state of the native mind, at the same time affording us an insight into the causes to which it is due:—

But there are others whose objects [in the Native King movement] have been, from the beginning, less loyal. These men have viewed with extreme jealousy the extension of the settled Territory and the increase of the European population. Various influences have combined to augment the effect on their minds of this natural feeling. The lower class of settlers, sometimes wantonly, sometimes under provocation, have held out threats of a coming time when the whole race will be reduced to a servile condition. *Of late a degraded portion of the Newspaper press has teemed with menaces of this kind, and with scurrilous abuse of the Natives*, and all who take an interest in their welfare. False notions respecting the purposes of the British authorities have been industriously spread by Europeans inimical to the Government, and whose traitorous counsels enable them to maintain a lucrative influence over their credulous native clients.

It must have been evident to the Governor himself that the danger of a war of races was imminent. Nor were the combatants very ill-matched. The white and coloured populations are about equal; and the Maoris are in possession of all the strong places in the island. The infatuated greediness of the traders has forced the colonial Parliament to relax the law against the sale of arms, on which Sir George Grey had always insisted with especial earnestness. The result is that the Maoris are thoroughly well armed. To use the words of the commanding officer in one of the late affrays, "The natives soon made us aware that they possessed pieces of long range, against which our muskets were of no avail." Nor are they merely formidable in their own mountain fastnesses. The Native Secretary, a most competent authority, is of opinion that it will require a force of 5000 men simply to defend the English settlements, without any question of mastering the natives on their own ground. We suspect that it will require a great deal of eloquence to induce the English Government to bury a force of 5000 men in New Zealand garrisons.

It was in this condition of things that Governor Browne thought it wise to outrage a friendly chief—for in the days of Rangiheta, William King fought on the British side, and has always opposed the Native King movement—by the forcible assertion of a disputed land claim. It was impolitic enough to insist at such a moment on such a claim. But the mode in which it was pressed changed impolicy into flagrant injustice. Whether the Governor's title, acquired through Teira, be a good one or a bad one, there is no defence for the process by which it was enforced. It is one of the most striking instances of the "nigger-despising" temper—the bane of our colonial policy—that our recent history, rich in such experiences, can furnish. If there had been a dispute as to the ownership of a real estate between the New Zealand Government and a white settler, the Governor would have condescended to a very different style of proceeding. The case would have been tried in open court, before a tribunal scrupulously impartial; witnesses would have been examined by counsel on each side; and the facts of the case would have been decided by a jury carefully selected so as to be free from bias or prepossession. A much simpler process is thought sufficient for one of the Queen's subjects of Maori blood. The jurisprudence of Brennus, the simple arbitrament of the sword, is Governor Browne's recipe for settling native claims. The title is tried in the office of a deputy land-agent—the paid removable officer of the Government—that is, one of the parties to the suit. In fact, such is the simplicity of the Governor's jurisprudence that the deputy land-commissioner is plaintiff, judge, jury, witness, and constable all in one. He is bothered by no counsel, and hampered by no forms; and he is protected from the torments of indecision by the reflection that his continuance in office depends on his success in purchasing land. His decision, once arrived at in this free and easy manner, is without appeal; and he proceeds himself to dispossess the native claimant, against whom he has decided on his own suit. And in carrying out this sentence he is to be backed, if need be, by the whole force of the British Empire. If Mr. Cowper, desiring somebody's estate for the Crown, were to buy of one of the tenants on the estate what

the tenant professed to be a valid title to it, were to send it down to his own solicitor for investigation, and were then to march in the Grenadier Guards to take possession, the proceeding would be precisely analogous to that which the natives of New Zealand are now engaged in resisting by force of arms. Is it to be wondered at that such a form of legal process should have inspired them with a very moderate confidence in the justice of the English Government? If the Maoris were as tame as they are spirited, and as weak as they are formidable, they would hardly submit to be thrust out of lands inherited from far distant ancestors at the beck of any subordinate official who can buy up a fictitious, or at least a disputed, counter claim. We can pretend to give no opinion upon the validity or the invalidity of William King's claim upon the land. Probably no one on this side of the globe is in a condition to unravel the complicated threads of the dispute. But this at least is clear—that the Governor has dealt with a Maori as he never would have dared to deal with an Englishman, and that he has plunged us into a costly and perilous quarrel to uphold a paltry claim which, be it good or bad, has been advanced, prosecuted, and carried out with very little regard for the most obvious principles of justice.

LORD DUNDONALD.

THE death of Lord Dundonald has followed within little more than a week of the publication of the second and concluding volume of that Autobiography to which he looked for his vindication from the malignant charges which so long oppressed him. Almost his last moments were given to the completion of a work which is a wonderful proof of mental power preserved to the eighty-fifth year of a life full of thought, of toil, of sorrow, and of noble and ill-requited service to his country, and to the cause of liberty throughout the world. He seems to have feared, during the last year, that his life would not be spared to finish the record of his actions and the refutation of the calumnies which obscured them. He has, however, been permitted to complete his work, but not to witness its reception among his countrymen. But even if he had been forced to leave this last of his labours incomplete, he might, we think, have indulged in his closing hours the belief that ample, although tardy, justice had been done to him by popular opinion. All well-informed persons have long since adopted the conviction that Lord Dundonald was most unjustly deprived of honours which he had nobly won, and, with still more gross injustice, was punished for an offence of which he was wholly innocent. In our own opinion, the volume he so lately published has added nothing to his vindication, because that vindication was complete before. We regard his long and toilsome life as one of the saddest that have been lived since pain and sorrow were appointed for man's lot on earth. The brightest talents, the most heroic courage, and the warmest patriotism earned for Lord Dundonald an ignominious expulsion from the service of which he was the most brilliant ornament. Why such perversions of justice and wrecks of hope should be permitted is a mystery which can only be cleared up by that light which shines beyond the grave. But if any man feels that he is suffering under unmerited wrong, let him remember one who deserved better and was treated worse than he is ever likely to be, and let him believe that hereafter it shall be made manifest why these things were so.

The most famous of Lord Dundonald's services was the attack which he suggested, and partly carried into effect, against the French fleet at anchor in Basque Roads, in 1809. We have the testimony of Napoleon himself, that if the opportunity gained by Lord Dundonald's attack had been improved, as it easily might, by Admiral Lord Gambier, not a ship of the French fleet would have escaped. It appears to have been supposed by Lord Dundonald that some additional evidence was necessary to induce his countrymen to adopt this view of the action in Basque Roads; and accordingly he laboured, almost to his latest hour, to rove by charts, to which he had quite recently been allowed access by the Admiralty, that the further attack which he proposed was feasible, and that the court-martial which tried Lord Gambier was determined not to see the evidence which would have proved the case against him. But we think that the history of this court-martial, and of all Lord Dundonald's subsequent ill-treatment by the Admiralty, had been made as plain as it possibly could be long before his Lordship's own version of his life appeared. Lord Gambier was an amiable, weak man, who plodded along the beaten path of duty, and gave the Admiralty no trouble, while he belonged to a powerful religious party, which thought the conversion of the British fleet much more important than the destruction of a French one. Lord Dundonald had an energetic and aspiring genius for war, and in politics he was a Radical reformer, the colleague of Burrett and the friend of Cobbett. It is as true as it is sad, that the 11th of April 1809, which saw a deed of arms as great in its way as one of Nelson's victories, is the date from which we trace to clouding-over of the professional career of him who did it. From that day he was denied employment, until the successes of the Americans in the frigates whose once celebrated names have this week figured in a report compelled the Admiralty to pocket its dislike, and to send the best officer in the service to retrieve the honour which had been lost through imbecility and corruption. At the moment when Lord Dundonald was about to sail from

the Thames, as flag-captain to his uncle Sir Alexander Cochrane in North America, he was accused of sharing in a stock-jobbing conspiracy; and he was tried, and found guilty on this charge, and sentenced to fine, imprisonment, and the pillory. The Ministry of that day would have inflicted this last-named ignominious punishment, and rejoiced in it, but the voice of popular indignation was so strong that nothing short of the utter abolition of the pillory could appease it. But Lord Dundonald suffered imprisonment and paid a fine. He was dismissed from the naval service, and the insignia of the Bath were torn from him. We could have wished to say, while the venerable Earl yet lived to hear the words, that we are equally and entirely convinced of the innocence of Lord Dundonald and of the incapacity of Lord Gambier. We think that in opposing, in his place in Parliament, an indiscriminate vote of thanks to the Admiral and the fleet for all that was done and left undone in Basque Roads, Lord Dundonald acted the part of an upright and independent member. We are certain that by this uncompromising patriotism he brought upon himself the bitter hatred of the Ministry and its supporters, so that when, five years afterwards, he was put upon his trial for the alleged fraud, Lord Ellenborough forgot his duty as a judge, and thought only of his opportunity as a partisan.

One may linger over the charts which Lord Dundonald published ten days back, as refreshing the memory of an exploit which remains unrivalled only because the hero of it was never more employed against his country's enemies. It was preferred to prosecute the war by grand and costly fleets and armies; and the man who could make half a dozen old hulls and a few hundred barrels of powder do more work than both ships and troops was left to pine in inactivity, and to propose plans which the authorities declined to adopt, through fear, as it appears, lest the war should be too soon finished. Let us hope, although by no means confidently, that if there be now in the British navy an officer of Lord Dundonald's powers, he will at least not provoke hostility by making the fullest use of them. Let us trust that no other veteran may have to say, when he writes his life, that the day of his country's glory was also the day of his own ruin. Above all things, let us beware of placing admirals (and we are sure to have some) like Lord Gambier to fetter the genius and mar the plans of captains—if we can find any—like Lord Dundonald. At a time of vast and imperfectly understood changes in artillery and ship-building, such a mind as that of Lord Dundonald in his prime would be our best security that all the resources of modern science would be made available in naval warfare. But he is gone, and has left no one equal or near to him in fame. For forty years after that night of terror in Basque Roads, the flag of Lord Dundonald at the mast-head would have supplied in a British fleet almost all deficiencies of strength, equipment, or experience. But the great naval war was finished by other hands, and it was followed by many years of nearly unbroken peace. Since war in Europe again became either actual or probable, Lord Dundonald's strength has failed with increasing age, until now death has claimed his victim.

It is remarkable that Basque Roads was the scene, in 1757, of one of the many signal services of Lord Howe. The batteries upon the Isle d'Aix, which haunted the imagination of Lord Gambier, were attacked and silenced in that year by a skilful captain who had the good fortune to act under a resolute commander. The story of Lord Howe's life is as full of encouragement to the young officer as that of Lord Dundonald is full of warning of how the fairest hopes may be blighted by imprudent conduct or hasty language, or even by overmastering circumstances. Lord Dundonald committed some incautious acts and uttered many unmeasured words, and never perhaps were the consequences of merely venial errors visited more heavily and unrelentingly than upon him. He was made the object of the most bitter political persecution of modern times. His enemies would have been angels to forgive him wholly. They were devils to take vengeance on him as they did. Like Lord Howe, he was the sailor's friend; but, unlike Lord Howe, he had not the prudence, reticence, and self-control needed to gain for his abilities full play until they had raised him to a position of unbounded influence. If he had not begun his labours as a reformer while still a young post-captain, it is probable that he might have done more good to the navy, and without injury to his own career. But we will not blame the impulses of a generous soul. We trust that Lord Dundonald lived long enough to see that, in the end, his country was not ungrateful to him; and now that he is dead that country will place him high in the catalogue of her naval worthies.

THE STEPNEY MURDER.

THE verdict in Mullins's trial for the Stepney murder is one in which only the pedantic mind can affect to refuse acquiescence. If the Chief Baron, following Lord Tenterden, was right in defining "sufficient evidence" to be such as produce "that degree of conviction, that firm persuasion, upon which people would act in their own important concerns," it would be difficult to find circumstantial proof much more weighty. The evidence is illustrative of the character of judicial proof in general, and its importance consists not only in its accumulative character but in its moral weight. Juries are slow in perceiving the value of an accumulated proof; and it is the business of the counsel for the accused, in such a case, to weaken the force of every particular link—which he can generally succeed

in doing, trusting to the inexperience of the jury in the nature of proof, and to their inability to perceive that the value of the proof is in the mass of particulars, not in the weight of each circumstance. Each of twelve jurymen may be reckoned upon as fixing his attention on some single piece of evidence, to the exclusion of the rest; that is, few can be expected to catch more than one aspect of the case. All is made to lean on this, and if the counsel can destroy the force of that evidence which has possessed the jurymen's mind, even though each of the twelve should have taken a separate stand-point, an acquittal is pretty certain. For, slow to perceive that the combination of accusing facts is in moral value out of all proportion to their numerical value, twelve men are likely enough to feel the force of cumulative disproof. If A. rests on the boots, and B. on the twine, and C. on the footmarks, and if, as the Chief Baron remarked, not one of these pieces of evidence was separately worth much, there was a chance for the prisoner when, in consultation, each of the jury might find his own presumption of guilt weakened or rejected; and this line of defence Mr. Best maintained with considerable ingenuity, not attempting to meet the whole case, but dwelling only on the particulars. But then, as the Judge observed, when each of these circumstances was disposed of, its contradiction made nothing for the accused. And the damning aspect of the entire case was, that while so much on the whole was against Mullins, not one single exculpatory piece of evidence was produced in his favour. He could not account for his time—he could not suggest or explain any mode by which the cheque and spoons came into his possession; for it was proved, and so distinctly proved that Mullins' counsel did not venture to contest the point, that the parcel was placed in the shed by Mullins to implicate Emms. Only one of two persons could have placed the parcel in the shed at the time distinctly specified by Mullins himself. Emms was as thoroughly exonerated as evidence could prove a negative; therefore Mullins must have placed it there; and when Mr. Best was driven to the desperate suggestion that the cheque, the spoons, and the lenses might have come into Mullins' hands without any knowledge of the murder and robbery, the case was hopeless. If they came into his possession guiltily, he was Mrs. Emsley's murderer, and the possession of the parcel will hang Mullins. The judicial and circumstantial proof was therefore sufficient.

It is very remarkable that, in his fervid declaration of innocence after the verdict was given, Mullins confined himself to denying only that evidence which was utterly worthless, and which most likely was mistaken, and was adduced in mere surplusage. It is very likely that he was not seen either near the public-house or on Stepney-green; quite possible that the hammer was not the fatal weapon; just possible that he did sleep at home on the night of the murder. But when Mullins did not venture to repeat the story of his seeing Emms place the parcel in the outhouse, and did not attempt to criminate him, or to deny that he had laid a trap and plant for him, it almost seems that at the last moment his audacity failed him. Although his vehement protestation of innocence sounds so large and full, yet, when examined, it will be seen that he denies scarcely anything, and only contradicts evidence which it was equally unimportant to adduce or to refute. This, however, is only noticeable as an indirect but satisfactory confirmation of the justice of the verdict; and we mention it because in some quarters a sort of feeling is entertained that the proof of guilt was inadequate.

It must be remembered that in cases of murder much of the proof must be of a moral character. Mullins, and Mullins almost alone, had free access to Mrs. Emsley's house. He was entirely in her confidence. In his favour, and almost in his favour alone, the poor miser relaxed her suspicions; and as the area of her possible murderers was, owing to her recluse habits, singularly circumscribed, in Mullins happened to be combined the possibilities of motive, access, and familiarity with her habits, which could hardly have met in any other person. Not that a man is to be hanged because he was very likely to have been the murderer. But being the most likely person has its value as a presumption of guilt, taken in connexion with all the other grounds of suspicion. And now that the verdict is given, and on independent grounds, Mullins' strange antecedents, his familiarity with the police system, his previous experiences in the discreditable arts of entrapping victims, his practised taste for rewards, and his skill in plots, show him to be precisely the man to whom the bold scheme of charging Emms for the sake of the 300*l.* reward would have suggested itself. It is perhaps scarcely too much to say, that nobody except one who had already trafficked in blood and blood-money, and who had done service as a spy and a betrayer of those into whose confidence he had wormed himself—which was Mullins' life as an Irish policeman—would have thought of accusing Emms for the sake of the reward. The plot was exceedingly clever, only it was just a trifle too clever. The thing was overdone, and overdone in precisely the sort of way into which a coarse, unreflecting mind, with a little practised astuteness in conspiracy and that over-confidence which results from previous successes, would be likely to fall. A man who had once traded, and traded successfully, in treason, would be likely, and he alone would be likely, to think of hiding the parcel in Emms' outhouse. We are not of those who detect in this incident the strange uncontrollable desire which prompts the murderer either to reveal his crime or to attract an investigation. There is no need to suspect anything so refined

in Mullins' character. He had murdered the old woman merely to conceal his robbery. The robbery had probably turned out less profitable than he had expected. There was a prospect of securing 300*l.*, and the man who had not spared his employer on the chance of booty was not likely to allow a thought for Emms' life to stand in his way, if it was the only obstacle to possessing 300*l.* certain. To enlarge upon the Nemesis of the whole matter, to show that Mullins contrived the only piece of evidence which could possibly condemn himself, and to draw a moral from the providential interference which caught the murderer and manseller in the toils which he had laid for the innocent, would be impertinent and superfluous. There is usually something significant in the mode in which murder will out. The fence is carefully constructed, but there is a gap almost imperceptible, and justice enters in—a single flaw in the armour, but vengeance strikes home through it. The criminal is all but plunged in security and indemnity; but the heel is vulnerable, and he falls. There could be only one witness against Mullins, and that witness was himself. And an irresistible stress was upon him which compelled the murderer to do that only thing which could convict him.

Few criminals will ascend the scaffold with less of popular sympathy than Mullins. To murder a helpless, solitary old woman is no novelty; but the diabolical ingenuity which combined murder with the attempt to denounce another as the criminal is almost a solecism in crime; and public indignation, which would have languidly assented to the doom of Mrs. Emsley's murderer, feels insulted as well as injured by the novel audacity of the delator of Emms. Besides which the trial is satisfactory so far as it shows a recurrence to the old practical common sense and large general views upon the exercise and influence of which alone Trial by Jury can be defended. We had, after the experience of some recent trials for murder, begun to fear that a view of the sufficiency of evidence was growing up in the jury-box which could scarcely be satisfied with evidence lower than that of eye-witnesses. Mullins' trial shows a more healthy tone of feeling and a more sensible estimate of evidence. And though little thanks are due to the skill of the detective police—a body whose capacities in discovering mysteries are perhaps overrated—one at least of the crimes of the day which seemed to be clouded in impenetrable mystery is discovered and avenged. May the unravelling of this knot be only the forerunner of the discovery of the Road murderer!

THE NEW YORK BALL.

THE kind and hospitable welcome which America has given to the heir of the English throne culminated in the reception that he met with at New York. Balls, serenades, torchlight processions, and illuminations succeeded one another swiftly and happily, and kept New York in a fever of excitement. To expect that the political consequences of the Prince's visit will be immense or lasting would be a ridiculous misconception of the meaning of the courtesy shown him. Englishmen can fairly and frankly thank their American kinsmen for the graceful compliment they have paid us without assuming that there are to be no more disputed frontier lines or differences of maritime law. It will, however, be something that Americans will have seen, and perhaps learnt to like, our future ruler. And we do not hesitate to acknowledge that he will, in his turn, have learnt more valuable lessons from his visit to the Western world than from any European tour.

The peculiarities of the Yankee character have been displayed, as it was likely they would be, during the Prince's journey. The best Americans are probably as refined and sensitive persons as the best Englishmen. But owing to various circumstances, the best Americans are generally silent, and the voices of a less polished class swamp all others. In the newspapers, penny a-liners rule the roost. The Prince of Wales has naturally been followed from capital to capital, and from street to street, by shoals of these strange beings, who are intent upon catching every feature and motion of him and his suite. The Yankee masses like to read about the Prince of Wales at dinner and at tea, not because they are toadies, so much as because they are meddling and vulgar, and personally impertinent and inquisitive. They are incapable, from habit and custom, of comprehending that there is such a thing as privacy. Some of the New York journals descend into details in a way that beats any penny-lining we have ever seen. A gentleman belonging to the *Evening Post*, who is specially attached to the Prince's person to report things in general, goes to unheard-of lengths, and has been a most active Paul Pry. He sketches the Prince's walk, his talk, his manner, and his appetite. He comments kindly, but firmly, upon his nose, which he holds to be of an unjustifiable prominence, and protests against accordingly. He alludes to the report in the Philadelphia papers that the Prince was in the habit of running round the railway carriages with chicken bones in his mouth. These reports, he thinks, are not founded in fact, though he evidently considers the matter one which calls for serious investigation. But the following description of the preparations made at Bachmeyer's Hotel, New York, for the Royal party, is very Transatlantic, and deserves especial notice:—

It was decided, only two days ago, that the party should put up at the "Continental." Of the apartments (17 in number) for the use of the Roy-

party, I shall speak at length in my next. The following are the names of the expected guests:—

1. Baron Renfrew, who will occupy a parlour and a bed-room.
2. The Duke of Newcastle, " Room No. 16.
3. The Earl of St. Germain, " " No. 17.
4. &c. &c. " " No. 18, &c. &c.

The gentleman of the *Evening Post*—who is probably the same Jenkins that once belonged to our own *Morning Post*—completes the list by name down to No. 16, mentioning the numbers of their respective bed-rooms, about the interior of which he intends, it appears, to speak in detail in his next. At the close we have the roll of the servants, *nominatim*, thus:—

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>Attendants.</i> | |
| 14. Bachmeyer. | 15. Gillette. |
| 16. Bailey. | 17. &c. &c. |
| &c. &c. | |
| 24. A man-servant, name unknown. | |

Baron Renfrew's rooms will be supplied with four wax candles each. The other gentlemen of the *suite* will be allowed two wax candles each, and the attendants are limited to one.

This information is valuable, because it must have been obtained with great difficulty and no little risk. Jenkins on a roving expedition in search of statistics upon candles, is a brilliant picture for the imagination. Having exhausted the subject of waxlights, and failed to discover the name of No. 24, he proceeds to the subject of the commissariat. He announces prospectively what is to be the *menu* for the first day's dinner. The dinner of the future provided for, he starts off with unflinching wing to the investigation of the large field opened up by breakfast. The following is the result of his unwearied inquiries:—

On Wednesday morning, October 10, this will be the *carte*:—

- Breakfast.*
 Breakfast.
 Rolls and coffee.
 And four other hot dishes.
 Cold meats.
 Fruits, &c.

Beyond Wednesday morning, October 10, the culinary eye of prophecy could no further penetrate; and we are left in darkness as to what the Prince was to have had to eat on Thursday morning, and whether the Duke of Newcastle, and the other gentlemen of his suite, were satisfied with two wax candles. However, as Jenkins does not seem to have heard of any discontent upon the subject, we may, perhaps, assume that all went well.

Seldom, perhaps, except in a few great cases, has the vanity of human wishes received a more striking illustration than in the case of the New York Ball which followed the Prince's arrival. For weeks nothing else had been talked about, and New York had determined the thing should be a great success. In most cases, when people set their hearts upon anything happening upon a particular day, it is a well-known meteorological law that heavy rain sets in early in the morning. But weather, it was considered, could at least have nothing to do with a ball. So the ladies of New York thought themselves tolerably sure, if not of dancing with the Prince, at all events of seeing him dance, and envying those who were more fortunate. The struggle for tickets was very severe while it lasted. Elderly gentlemen, who had arrived at that period of life at which one is tempted to acquiesce in the Roman maxim, "*Nemo saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit*"—elderly ladies, to whom waltzing would have been no relaxation—respectable fathers of families, with gout and grey hair—civic dignitaries and members of Congress—everybody, in short, whether old or young, dancer or non-dancer, who had a chance of procuring an invitation, had made up his or her mind to procure one or die in the attempt. The *Times*' Correspondent asserts that the assemblage was chiefly composed of civic celebrities, and that people do not become civic celebrities till an age at which they have ceased to dance. But from the account in the *New York Times*, we confess we do not think there can have been much amiss in the way of gathering. There was "Mrs. Henry W. Hicks," says the enthusiastic reporter, "in white and green, who, like Juno, walked a very queen for stateliness." There was the "luxuriant beauty of Mrs. Colonel Scott, who might well drive the whole Parisian club des blondes to despair." There was "Mrs. John Schermerhorn," who, as the writer tells us with a conception of gender peculiarly his own, "looked a sort of incarnation of the Adriatic on its wedding day with the Doge of Venice." Still it was generally agreed that the ball was not a great success. First of all, it was so crowded that dancing was almost an impossibility; and an accident which happened at the commencement postponed the opening of the proceedings for upwards of two hours. Suddenly it seems, and without any warning, a hollow crackling sound was heard, after the National Anthem had been played, and the quadrilles were forming. The centre of the floor gave way and sunk some three feet, forming a wooden pond in which gentlemen and ladies were immersed up to their waists. In ancient times this would have been deemed an *ostentum fatale*, and required a sacrifice to avert the omen. In these modern times it was the signal for summoning the carpenters, who, with a coadjutor in the person of the parish sexton, quickly made their appearance in their shirt-sleeves, and descended into the chasm.

And now the New York ball had a chance of becoming famous for evermore, which it lost by the unpatriotic conduct of one of

the carpenters. The chasm was closed up, but he had been left in the hole by accident after the flooring was put down, and it was discovered, when all was over, that he had been nailed in. A knocking was promptly heard from underground, which was understood on all sides to be the carpenter. The question was whether, being only a carpenter, he had not better stay where he was, and if necessary die at his post. Everybody felt his objections to intramural interment were vexatious and ill-timed. The crowd had settled into their places, the music struck up, and the Prince was just going to begin to dance. We confess that we think the carpenter ought to have been sacrificed. The managers of the ball ought sorrowfully, but firmly, to have refused to let him out when the planks were once down. The carpenter that can die for his country, and won't die, ought to be made to die. A carpenter can die but once, and justifiable homicide under extenuating circumstances is not murder; nor, after all, is premature burial perhaps such a very painful death compared with others. We read of historical characters who have undergone the process with resignation and even cheerfulness, and who was the carpenter that he should refuse to be added to the list? There were the Vestal Virgins, people of great distinction and propriety of character, who were as often as not buried prematurely. There were Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. There was Curtius, a most estimable Roman, who jumped at it. When the ground sank in the forum, as it did the other day in the New York ball-room, he got into the hole like a man, and did not keep knocking to be let out again. Even if the carpenter had not been intending to sacrifice himself, and was surprised at and discontented with his boarding and lodging, still he might have made an effort and risen to the occasion. He ought to have thought of the great carpenters of history, or of Curtius, or the Vestal Virgins, and to have said to himself, "I am New York's greatest jewel. I refuse to call for assistance. Being as good as a Curtius, I behave as such. I devote myself to suffocation, and I accept a saw-dust grave and immortality." "*Quam sunt fortunati fabri ferrarii*," says Plautus, "*qui apud carbonem sedent*." How much happier would that carpenter have been on his saw-dust seat, if he had been able to persuade himself to put off the carpenter and to put on the patriot—had he only sat quiet, drawn up his legs, said his prayers, bequeathed (if necessary for his peace of mind) a cock to Æsculapius, and comforted himself with Dr. Butler's celebrated arguments in favour of the immortality of the soul. What! would he not die for his country? The carpenter seemed to think not. Evidently he was a man of no refinement, who was blind to his true interests, and willing for life's sake to lose all that makes life worth having. The truth is, you may nail a carpenter in his long home, but you can't prevent his hammering on the inside. So the Committee reluctantly were obliged to let him out. Indeed, he seems to have been an uneducated person, who was just as likely as not to have gone on knocking; and though at first the thing might not have signified, still he might have ended by becoming a bore in his last moments.

An additional excitement was lent to the New York visit of the Prince by the conduct of a casual Irishman, who stopped his Royal Highness in the street, and solemnly announced to him his future dethronement; in consequence of which the New York papers, by way of not being behindhand in the way of news, headed their columns next morning with an announcement in capital letters of the "Attempted Assassination of the Prince of Wales." The prophet was "taken up" by the police, but released as soon as it was discovered that, beyond his prophetic denunciation, he had committed no harm. The nature of the assault will be best explained by the following letter, which the *Exile of Erin* addressed the day but one after to the *New York Times*:—

Mr. Editor I saw in your Saturday issue that I am accused of an assault on the Prince of Wales which is false I nearly said what I thought and I think so still that he never will be king of England if he lives for a 100 years time for Kings is gorn and I pointed the finger of scorn at the baby faced English man as they gaunted him along I now appeal to Americans to know weather it is Constitutional to Pay homage to a Prince if so I am done if not why then was I sensed Like a felin by a Lot of Dogs Dressed in uniform for they acted like such as soon as I opened my Mouth I am not a tinker nor a tailor But I am what I am and that is what I Did not see many of on that Day that is I Mean a true republican
 EDWARD MONCAR.

REVIEWS.

AN ESSAY ON CHARITY AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.*

IT may be a question whether it is not a pity that the practice of using claptrap titles should ever have been invented; for though it generally enables a reader to recognise a worthless book at a glance, it sometimes—as in the present case—prejudices him against a very good one. There is a sort of jingle about such a question as "My life, and what shall I do with it?" which provokes a very short answer. To most persons who asked it one would be inclined to reply, "Pray, say nothing about it;" but as good wine needs no bush, the

* *My Life, and What shall I do with it?* A Question for Young Gentlewomen. By an Old Maid. London: Longmans. 1860.

tawdriest sign will not make good wine bad, and though some such title as the one which we have prefixed to this article would have been more appropriate, it could hardly have been prefixed to a better book. The authoress obviously thinks that a prosaic title is a great evil; for in speaking of Sir J. Herschel's *Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*, she calls it "a book which one seldom hears of, perhaps on account of its discouraging title, which may suggest the (erroneous) notion that it would be useful only to those who purpose to devote their lives to that study." Surely the title accurately describes the book, which could hardly have won or deserved a higher reputation if it had been called "What to think, and how to think it." An affected title is like an affected manner. It leads one to expect affectation throughout; and we protest against it in the present case because the book is so thoroughly good that any blemish in it is doubly vexatious. Let us charitably hope that the fault lies not with the authoress, but, as is so often the case, with some literary adviser who knows better how to sell books than how to write or to name them.

The substance of the essay deserves almost unmingled praise. Most men would probably agree in the opinion that no human being is entitled to so much reverence, or approaches so nearly to our highest conceptions of goodness, as a really good woman; and this little book is pervaded throughout by the kindness, the considerate tenderness, and the keen observation and quiet good sense which go to make up that character. The temper in which it is written is thoroughly ladylike. There is not a word in it which could offend the most scrupulous sense of self-respect; and from first to last it is marked by a constant suppression of personal inclinations irrelevant to the matter in hand. The authoress, for example, is obviously not only fond of poetry, but deeply moved by it, yet she hardly ever quotes it; and though little phrases here and there seem to indicate the existence of strong religious emotions, she never dwells upon them. She is writing, as she says, on an "outward" or practical subject, and accordingly confines herself strictly to the practical side of religion.

It is quite curious to see how her good sense keeps her out of all the pitfalls into which an equally amiable but less thoughtful woman would have been almost sure to fall in writing on such a subject. Most persons, for example, would have fallen into the natural and pardonable mistake of exalting philanthropy at the expense of all the other pursuits of life; but this error is carefully avoided. "The class for which I write," says the authoress, "is a very limited one, and the subject on which I write is still more so;" and throughout the whole book, with very trifling and venial exceptions, she faithfully observes the limits which she has prescribed to herself. Again, it requires much self-control, in handling such a subject, to dispense with the stimulus of romantic anticipations, and to avoid the error of refusing to admit any truth which may be contained in honest objections. Throughout this little volume this is done with exemplary self-command and candour. Speaking of the degree of success which philanthropists can expect, she says:—

If we all laboured henceforth to Christianize the mass, and devoted our lives to nothing else, they would still be in heart and life unchristian. If nothing short of reforming a whole population seems a worthy end of your labours, I can offer you no help, for I have no such hope. I believe such a result is impossible under the present dispensation to any, and I am quite sure it is not the work assigned to Christian women. We must labour to help and save them one by one. Knowledge may be given to large classes of pupils, and by almost mechanical means. Preachers may teach their hundreds, and statesmen raise the condition of thousands, but there is no wholesome way of imparting moral habits or training persons in a holy Christian life. Our highest labours must be limited to individuals, and whilst they require a life-long patience they must be carried on in quiet, without public notice, without great successes, or much visible result.

It requires great courage to adopt, great honesty to announce, and wonderful self-devotion to act consistently on such a principle. Again, in speaking of the objection which is sometimes urged against the visiting of very poor and degraded persons by ladies—that it tends to destroy their own innocence of mind—she admits that "general visiting among the poor in large towns, or work in reformatories, cannot be undertaken by them [young ladies], not only on this account, but as demanding both experience and training, and a courage which is only admirable in women when it is the produce of matured good sense;" but this is preceded by what fairly deserves the name of a philosophical description of the nature and extent of the danger to be feared. The main point of it is that the mere seeing or hearing what is evil hardens the mind to it, unless the person who sees it tries to remedy or oppose it, but that, if the habit of remedying and opposing it is once formed, the sentiment of opposition to it becomes in itself habitual, and so excludes indifference; and she concludes with the following very weighty remark:—

There are moral and social statistics mooted now in every corner of society, brought out in every newspaper, in every religious report, on every platform almost, which bring before young women an amount of misery and vice of which they used to be quite unconscious. It must do them some harm if they only hear of it to be shocked by it. It will not do to say, "Let them know as little as possible of it." Unless the knowledge is turned by true and loving labour into good, our women must grow less and less innocent, less tender to misery as they grow older, and at fifty must be less fit to be pure-minded, gentle-hearted mothers to their sons than they were at twenty.

The intellectual merits of the book are very striking. They consist in strong good sense, the generosity which usually accompanies that quality, and a singularly keen power of

observation. Almost every page affords examples of this. For example:—

Persons question the sick and dying as if the only thing of importance to them was that the visitor should think they are saved—a knowledge which, as far as regards the sick person, is the merest impertinence in the world; for what possible difference can it make to me whether Mr. Ryle thinks me safe or not safe, or indeed thinks nothing at all about it? Whilst, so far as it affects the visitor, it can only lead him into temptation.

The following is an admirable criticism:—

Story books about the poor, and even lives of the poor, will for the most part only mislead you; the latter have been written of those who were remarkable, i. e., unlike the generality, or have recorded only what was considered edifying in them; the former, for the most part, represent the poor as so much easier to understand, so much more simple and less natural than they are; as so easily guided and so very easily converted; just making sufficient opposition to allow of the story winding up with the proper victory of good over evil. Now I think you will find it just the contrary; that the less cultivated a man is the less susceptible he will be to the power of new truth, the less lasting impression will be made on him by it, and the more open he will be to error and mere impulse; that the less educated he is the more enslaved he will be to the power of habit, and the harder it will be for him to acquire any new habit.

The following are excellent instances of shrewdness of observation and of thought:—"So far as I have had the opportunity of observing, those persons who are accounted to have a special gift for the discernment of character have been persons of keen sight, who have formed the habit of watching closely the passing expressions of people's faces." "People talk of the increase of mental activity, when the real state they speak of is rather an increase of mental passivity; knowledge and notions run hither and thither through our heads in such rapid trains that the mind has little to do with it, except as the patient, silent tram-road that receives all, keeps nothing." She proceeds, in a very humorous passage, to describe the string of unconnected half-thoughts which run through the head of a girl who hears a lecturer say, "The gift of eternal life is the mystery which lies beneath the history of the modern world, and interprets it."

The general object of the book is to show how "educated gentlewomen who have the leisure and the will may employ their own advantages in the improvement of uneducated and ungente women, and of their social condition, and to show how they may best prepare for that work." It begins by remarking—what no doubt is true—that many unmarried women in easy circumstances have, in the present state of society, no important duties of their own to attend to. She carefully limits the class to which she refers, and confines her observations to grown-up women who are in easy circumstances and have no domestic duties. Such persons, she says, are greatly in want of employment, and are eminently fitted in various ways to undertake charitable labours; and she proceeds, with the skill and good sense which we have already attempted to describe, to give practical advice as to the manner in which this may be done. This employment, she says, will in itself furnish the best possible training for the duties of a wife and a mother, if the persons who adopt it should marry; whilst, if they do not, it will supply them with a useful occupation for their lives. The authoress labours to establish these points as if they were open to controversy, and quotes some observations from various periodicals—and amongst others, from our own columns—which appear to her to require refutation. We do not wish to enter into a controversy with one who writes so well and so wisely, and we shall therefore say nothing upon the passage which she quotes from the *Saturday Review*; but we wish to offer a few observations, in a spirit of sincere respect, upon the general scope of this excellent book. It appears to us to err in demanding of every member of the class to which it is addressed what many of its members have not to give. Of all the moral problems which perplex mankind, none is deeper or more intricate than that which relates to the difference between being good and doing right. It is important to remember that there are and must be lay women as well as laymen. How would the authoress deal with the case of a thoroughly conscientious person, who was in the habit of discharging punctually and irreproachably all her known duties, and was not chargeable with any known faults, but who, from natural character, had no sort of inclination to engage in works of charity, and felt herself in no way fit for them? There are men, and there are also a certain number of women, who would be perfectly willing, at the call of duty, to submit to almost any amount of suffering, humiliation, or self-denial, but who feel in themselves a degree of unfitness for the task of teaching or consoling their neighbours which would be universally held to constitute a warning of nature against engaging in any other occupation with regard to which it existed. This may arise from a want of sympathy, or from the adoption of, or predisposition to, peculiar views of life, or from various other causes. Suppose, for example, that a person is suffering under some dreadful and hopeless disease, and that one of the women whose duty it is alleged to be to visit and console her feels that she has no sort of consolation to give, and is either deliberately of opinion that such cases admit of no consolation, or that it is so doubtful whether they do or not that she cannot affirm it; surely she had better not make bad worse, or interfere with others who might make it better. Suppose, again, that a person engages in such undertakings as are the subject of this book, that she utterly hates them, and, as she gains further experience of them hates them more; would the authoress say that, as she had unoccupied

leisure, it was nevertheless her duty to persist in them? In all probability, the only result of doing so would be to make one person wretched for life without benefiting any other.

It is an important truth, though it is not one that is usually admitted, at least in Protestant countries, that it is not possible to bring all acts under the category of duties and breaches of duty. "Good" and "evil" are far wider words than "right" and "wrong," which, strictly speaking, mean no more than obedience or disobedience to law. If a person is able to pass his or her life in acts of benevolence, he or she is admirably well employed, and has perhaps chosen the best of all parts, but it does not follow that it is the duty of every person, not specially occupied in other ways, to do so. Duty and offence, duty and fault, duty and sin, are the correlatives of law, morality, and religion, but there is an immense part of life over which they do not extend. It would be a very violent abuse of language to say that it was either the religious or moral duty, and it is certainly not the legal duty, of a painter to paint the best picture he possibly can upon the highest subject he can possibly conceive. It is not a man's duty to make his conversation as agreeable and instructive as he possibly can. If it were, it would follow that to omit to do so is a sin, and no one will seriously assert that. The choice of an occupation seems to us to be just one of those things which, whilst infinitely important, are seldom a matter of express duty. Of all steps in life, marriage is perhaps the most important, at least to women, yet to maintain that it is a duty, and not a matter of choice, to accept or refuse a particular offer of marriage would be so unnatural a doctrine that no one could really act upon it, whilst hardly any one would profess to believe it.

The authoress of the Essay under consideration tries to show that the course of conduct which she describes is a duty by reference to various texts of Scripture. We cannot enter here upon such a discussion, but we would observe generally that the inclination to draw such conclusions from such premisses will be found to diminish in proportion to the accuracy with which people define what they mean by duties, and with which they interpret the words which they suppose to convey definite commands. A single instance may illustrate our meaning. The authoress says, "What can we mean by calling ourselves respectable Christians, whilst we echo Cain's reply, 'I know not, am I my brother's keeper?'" and she infers from this that rich people ought not to be ignorant of the sufferings of the poor. This may be very true in itself, but Cain's remark has simply nothing to do with it. Its impropriety (apart from what reads in the translation like a certain roughness of manner) arose from the fact that he did know where Abel was, as he had just murdered him. If Abel had been killed by a wild beast, Cain's reply would in substance have been perfectly just. He was not Abel's keeper; but whether he was or not is little to the point. A man's duties to his brother differ essentially from his duties to his neighbours; and the rich are not, nor is it desirable that they should be, the keepers and guardians of the poor. Independence is, and ought to be, the rule, and guardianship the exception.

THE BOOK OF VAGABONDS.*

"THE *Book of Vagabonds*, with a Preface by Martin Luther," is a title at once taking and puzzling, and might give rise to several conjectures altogether wide of the mark. Luther, it seems, condescended, among his graver labours, to edit and add a preface to a little German book containing an account of the habits of the vagabonds and beggars of that day, and the various tricks by which they imposed upon the unwary. The title of the original was *Liber Vagatorum, Der Beller Orden*. The first edition was printed at Augsburg, in 1512, and was followed by several others before the one published at Wittemberg, in 1528, which Luther honoured with his preface and revision. The book itself shows that many of the tricks which are ever and anon found out among common beggars of our own day have already imposed upon mankind for more than three hundred years. The circumstances of its publication seem to give us another illustration of the adage that nothing is new under the sun. The "Recommendatory Preface" is a familiar authors' and publishers' dodge. It has been practised with the greatest success by the school called "Christian Socialists," who, when their doctrines were young, used to carry out their own principle of co-operative labour by each man writing a preface to his friend's book. We had no idea in those days that the practice could claim an antiquity of three centuries and the practical sanction of so great a man as Luther. Brother Martin did not trouble himself to write a long story. His preface is exceedingly short; but what there is of it is eminently characteristic of the man. He cannot forbear giving a hard rap or two at his two constant enemies, the Pope and the devil—the Pretender had not appeared in Luther's time. The Roman Antichrist, indeed, does not come in personally, but only in the form of those whom Wickliffe called his "tail"—monks and friars, namely—to whom, Luther complains, as is no doubt very likely, that people gave in abundance, "forsaking all the time the truly poor." So much for the Pope;

but the whole book is to be taken as a blow dealt to the devil:—

I have thought it a good thing that such a book should not only be printed, but that it should become known everywhere, in order that men may see and understand how mightily the devil rules in this world; and I have also thought how such a book may help mankind to be wise, and on the look out for him, viz., the devil.

To an ordinary mind the connexion is not very clear; for, though doubtless the beggars are and were bad enough, one might, we should have thought, both then and now, have hit upon some stronger cases of "the devil ruling in this world." But Luther had had so much more personally to do with the devil than most people, that we ought to bow to his authority on such a point.

The Reformer ends with some practical advice, seeming to forestall the notions of a Poor Law and a Mendicity Society:—

For this reason every town and village should know their own paupers, as written down in the Register, and assist them. But as to outlandish and strange beggars they ought not to be borne with, unless they have proper letters and certificates; for all the great rogues mentioned in this book are done by these. If each town would only keep an eye upon their paupers, such knaveries would soon be at an end. I have myself of late years been cheated and befooled by such tramps and liars more than I wish to confess. Therefore, whosoever hear these words let him be warned, and do good to his neighbour in all Christian charity, according to the teaching of the commandment.

The book itself is anonymous, no further account being given of the author than that he was "a high and worthy master, nomine *Expertus in truffis*." He sets to work very systematically, dividing his matter, like an orthodox sermon, into three heads:—

Part the first shows the several methods by which mendicants and tramps get their livelihood; and is subdivided into XX chapters, *et paulo plus*—for there are XX ways, *et ultra*, whereby men are cheated and fooled. Part the second gives some *notabilia* which refer to the means of livelihood afore mentioned. The third part presents a Vocabulary of their language or gibberish, commonly called *Kod Welsh*, or *Beggar-lingo*.

The twenty classes of beggars are all carefully enumerated and described, with a little precept as to how each is to be treated. To a very few classes it is lawful to give; but the *conclusio* commonly is that nothing should be given; and in one or two cases even stronger measures are recommended. We give one of the most lively of these little chapters as a specimen:—

OF THE KLENKNEERS, OR CRIPPLES.

The *iiijth* is about the KLENKNEERS. These are the beggars who sit at the church doors, and attend fairs and church gatherings with sore and broken legs; one has no foot, another no shank, a third no hand or arm. *Item*, some have chains lying by them, saying they have lain in captivity for innocence' sake, and commonly they have a St. Sebastianum or St. Lenhartum with them, and they pray and cry with a loud voice and noisy lamentations for the sake of the Saints, and every third word one of them speaks (*NARRL*) is a lie (*GEVOR*), and the people who give alms to him are cheated (*BESEFFELT*)—inasmuch as his thigh or his foot has rotted away in prison or in the stocks for wicked deeds. *Item*, one's hand has been chopped off in the quarrels over dice or for the sake of a harlot. *Item*, many a one ties a leg up or bears an arm with salves, or walks on crutches, and all the while as little aids him as other men. *Item*, at Utenheim there was a priest, by name Master Hans Ziegler (he holds now the benefice of Rosheim), and he had his niece with him. One upon crutches came before his house. His niece carried him a piece of bread. He said, "Wilt thou give me nought else?" She said, "I have nought else." He replied, "Thou old priest's harlot! wilt thou make thy parson rich?" and swore many oaths as big as he could utter them. She cried and came into the room and told the priest. The priest went out and ran after him. The beggar dropped his crutches and fled so fast that the parson could not catch him. A short time afterwards the parson's house was burnt down; he said the KLENKNEER did it. *Item*, another true example: at Schletstat, one was sitting at the church door. This man had cut the leg of a thief from the gallows. He put on the dead leg and tied his own leg up. He had a quarrel with another beggar. This latter one ran off and told the town-serjeant. When he saw the serjeant coming he fled and left the sore leg behind him and ran out of the town—a horse could hardly have overtaken him. Soon afterwards he hung on the gallows at Achem, and the dry leg beside him, and they called him Peter of Kreuznach. *Item*, they are the biggest blasphemers thou canst find who do such things; and they have also the finest harlots (*GLIDEN*), they are the first-comers at fairs and church-celebrations, and the last-goers therefrom.

Conclusio: Give them a kick on their hind parts if thou canst, for they are nought but cheats (*BESEFFELT*) of the peasants (*HANSEN*) and all other men.

Example: One was called Uz of Lindau. He was at Ulm, in the hospital there, for *xiiij* days, and on St. Sebastian's day he lay before a church, his hands and thighs tied up, nevertheless he could use both legs and hands. This was betrayed to the constables. When he saw them coming he fled from the town—a horse could hardly have ran faster.

The "Grantners" are also a class not extinct in our own times. Mr. Paget introduced a specimen of them in his amusing story of the Warden of Berkingholt. They are a class who

fall down before the churches, or in other places, with a piece of soap in their mouths, whereby the foam rises as big as a fist, and they prick their nostrils with a straw, causing them to bleed, as though they had the falling-sickness. *Nota*: this is utter knavery.

There were also in those days begging-letter impostors of no small pretences:—

OF THE OVER-SÖNEN-GÖERS, OR PRETENDED NOBLEMEN AND KNIGHTS.

The *xxijth* chapter is about OVER-SÖNEN-GÖERS. These are vagrants or beggars who say they are of noble birth, and that they have suffered by war, fire, or captivity, or have been driven away and lost all they had. These clothe themselves prettily and with neatness, as though they were noble, though it is not so; they have false letters (*LOESBAAFOT*); and this they call *OVER SÖNEN*.

Finally, charitable people were then as now exposed to the impositions of persons professing to have transferred themselves from the Law to the Gospel. We think, however, that now-a-days

* *The Book of Vagabonds and Beggars: with a Vocabulary of their Language.* Edited by Martin Luther in the year 1528. Now first Translated into English, with Introduction and Notes. By J. C. Motten. London: J. C. Motten. 1860.

the supposed descendant of Abraham is commonly of the male sex, and we never heard of the peculiar pretension to knowledge which seems to have been made in those more believing times:—

OF THE VERANERINS, OR BAPTIZED JEWEESSES.

The xxxijnd chapter is about the VERANERINS. These are women who say they are baptized Jewesses and have turned Christians, and can tell people whether their fathers or mothers are in hell or not, and beg gowns and dresses and other things, and have also false letters and seals. They are called VERANERINS.

The Vocabulary is, of course, very curious, but we should certainly have preferred seeing it in its original state, as it is clear that Mr. Hotten has put in a good many conjectural etymologies of his own, and references to books which cannot possibly have been known to Luther or to the contemporary *expertus in truffis*. Luther himself tells us, "Truly such beggars' cant has come from the Jews, for many Hebrew words occur in the Vocabulary." A few certainly do, but the greater proportion are clearly German of one sort or another; and probably still more would be found to be so, if tested by some one skilled in the colloquial German of that age and in the countless local dialects of the language. Mr. Hotten has given a good many specimens of the German of the book itself between brackets. We think it is a pity that he did not give us the whole original text of so short a work. By the way, why does Mr. Hotten talk of "St. Sebastianum?" It is very likely that the Latin declension was retained by the German writer; but, notwithstanding the precedent of "Miletum" in our version of the Acts of the Apostles, this is hardly a peculiarity to be transferred to English.

Mr. Hotten mentions several later editions and imitations of the book in Germany and Switzerland, and also a rather long list of *Books of Vagabonds* published in England in the reign of Elizabeth, when the subject seems to have been very popular. The newly-introduced Poor-laws, and the public licenses to beggars allowed by some of their early forms—an institution whose Scotch form is familiar to all readers of Walter Scott—might naturally turn men's thoughts in that direction.

The book has a facsimile of the woodcut in the original title-page, representing a beggar's family of the sixteenth century, and a very curious turn-out they are. A solemn-looking "Klenkner" is led along by a little child, a woman following. The practice of borrowing children, and the cruelties sometimes practised on children to make them objects of charity, are both of them mentioned in the second part. We may add, in conclusion, that the *Liber Vagatorum* seems to have drawn its origin from the trials of various vagabonds at Basel, in 1475, when the whole system was thoroughly sifted, and the records of the examination supplied material for this and several other works dealing with the same subject.

HANKINSON'S POEMS.*

IF a poet, or indeed any writer, seems to supply an unmistakeable want of his age, it would be hard to deny him the praise, of whatever value it be, which belongs to the place he fills. Judging from the fact that a fifth edition of the book before us has been called for, it would appear that there has been a very considerable demand during the last ten years for poems of a devoutly calm and gently imaginative character. Seatonian prize poems are exactly of the nature required to fill this place in literature. Their versification must be smooth, their length must be limited, and they must contain towards the end some allusions to the theological doctrine of a millennium. They are just the kind of poems the reading of which renders one rather more benevolent, much more tranquil, and rather less wise. Happily, they do not necessarily aspire to the dignity of philosophy, and there is nothing in them of a proverbial structure; but they are still not without a claim to be included in that class of literature which lies on the drawing-room tables of the well-disposed, which is so very good, and so sleepy. The volume which bears Mr. Hankinson's name represents, as nearly as we can calculate, five hundred and sixty pounds' worth of Seatonian prize poems—including, that is, two special awards, either from the prize-fund or the University chest, for distinguished merit. When so large a sum of money is given for a few poems, each two or three hundred lines long, it may well be expected that compositions shall be produced bearing more than usual piety and calmness, with some little show of learning, upon their face. And Mr. Hankinson's poems are as full of gentleness, geography, goodness, and prophecy, as any with which we are acquainted.

The phenomenon of religious poems is one which is not underserving of attention. It unquestionably could not exist in an age of vivid feeling and religious enthusiasm. A generation which is communicating some fresh impulse to the spiritual life of the world breaks forth either into rhapsody and apocalypse, or, as with Luther and the early Methodists, into psalm-singing and hymn-writing. The artificial structure, and utterly artificial thought, of such poems as the present would be quite foreign to a spirit such as Wesley's, which no mysticism can prevent from being simple, and no passion from being natural. Hence it is that while the hymns of an older period will always seem far too

strained and passionate for successors who accept the words and ignore their meaning, the tamer poems, on the other hand—the elaborated constructions of a more reserved and self-conscious age—are utterly forgotten when the wheel of change brings excitement and enthusiasm again. Where are now the verses in which so many a monk, centuries ago, proclaimed the wonders of creation, and so many a schoolman expounded in flowing metre the thoughts of Raimund and Aquinas? They have been swept away by the torrent of quick thought, of passion, of fanatic fever. Now, again, among a generation which thinks, or professes to think, more than it feels, the artificial verse comes again to the surface, and we read the stories of Jacob and David, speculations on angels, and descriptions of missionary deathbeds, all moulded alike in one vein of thought, and dressed in one garb of diction. Thus it is that sacred poetry is always either a vehicle of strong feeling or an apology for its absence. If the writer of "St. Paul at Philippi"—one of the prize compositions in this volume—really felt the engrossing and absorbing power which religious imagination has often exercised on those who court its influence, he could no more devote a stanza to his "faltering muse" than to an invocation of Mumbo Jumbo. It was different with a poet like Milton, who stood at the junction of two eras, the passionate and the thoughtful—who really had some notion of heaven when he spoke of Olympus, and felt some unfeigned pleasure when he told of the slaughter of Python. At the present day, whenever a poet speaks of a muse, or Olympus, it is certain that he is not only saying what he does not in any sense mean, but saying also what he does not wish to persuade any one that he means. Keats may construct a splendid poem from such materials, and it is very possible to admire Homer without believing a word of the contents of the *Iliad*; but a poem on a religious subject ought either to appeal to the feelings, in which case it will seldom be artificial; or to the intellect, in which case it will be perhaps elaborate, but, at all events, seriously intended to represent something real. Newton's and Wesley's hymns are the true type of the former class—perhaps the "Vision of Sin," in which every word has a meaning, of the latter. "Heart-affluence in discursive talk" is probably the highest merit which an admirer could conscientiously attribute to the poetical character of Mr. Hankinson.

Since, however, these poems are undeniably popular among a large class of readers, it may, perhaps, be worth while to examine a little wherein their strength lies. The devotees of the Seatonian bard profess that the best of his attempts are "The Ministry of Angels" and "Ishmael." Considering these, then, as "prerogative instances" for the examination, let us consider what the writer has accomplished by the paraphrase of the story of Ishmael, for example, into English verse. In the first place, Mr. Hankinson has, no doubt, thrown his sympathies largely into his subject; he really seems to care for Hagar, and is personally grateful to the angel. In the second place, he has done so without the smallest critical estimate of the situation which he imagines, or the faintest power of conceiving any other type of character than those familiar to a very excellent clergyman of missionary tastes in the present century. For the facts we will take one page purely at random—the scene of Hagar's departure from the tent of Abraham. Hagar is represented as leaving each beloved, familiar spot—the "meadows she trod in life's young hours"—the "fine old palms" over the tent of the chief—and entering upon a scene where "there is not a touch of verdure nigh," and nothing but "dry, grey rocks" to look upon. Now, in this passage there are no less than four errors in fact. Granting that the neighbourhood of Mamre may be truthfully described as one of flowery meadows, which is very far from clear, yet the land that Hagar trod in her youth was Egypt; and the fields on the Nile's bank cannot be those referred to, since the wretched mother is described as leaving them now. The palm, again, is by no means a tree characteristic of the scenery of Palestine; if it had been, a single specimen would hardly have served as a sufficient description of Deborah's dwelling-place in the Book of Judges. It has long been known, even to ordinary readers of the Old Testament, that the deserts adjoining the Holy Land are not the sand-plains of the Sahara, but tracts of waste land, never free from vegetation of some kind, and sometimes extremely luxurious in shrubs and grass. The Israelites passed through them with their flocks and herds. Lastly, it is not pushing criticism too far to remark that "grey" is precisely the epithet which should not have been applied to the rocks among which Hagar wandered—they are brown, yellow, black, and white. These are details which may seem trivial, but they serve to show the way in which Seatonian poems of great popularity are written. As regards the language of the poem, it is enough to remark of it that it represents solely what Mr. Hankinson considered it possible that the persons represented may have said. How far this is likely to resemble the truth may be easily estimated by any one who will reflect that Hagar and Ishmael were of a different human family from the writer of the poem, and lived in a country of which he apparently knows very little—that of the character of the Egyptian slave and the son of the Bedouin sheik there is next to nothing told us—and that even the record which we possess of the language of their contemporaries was not composed till many centuries later, when the tribe had passed through strange vicissitudes, and had been subject to the prolonged influence of an alien race, with other modes of thought and another tongue. The inference we draw from these facts is simply this—that such a poem as *Ishmael* may possibly be in accordance with the general features of human nature, but has not the

* Poems by Thomas Edward Hankinson, M.A., late of Corp. Chr. College, Camb., and Minister of St. Matthew, Denmark Hill. Edited by his Brother. Fifth Edition. London: Hatchard. 1860.

smallest claim to represent characteristically a passage in the history of an Arab chief two thousand years before Christ.

But, again, there remains the fact that by many persons not absolutely uneducated or wanting in refinement these poems are greatly liked; and such a fact is, after all, not hard to account for. For one ground of this popularity it is not necessary to go further than the obvious pleasure which may well arise from their being so good. That it is a very good thing to read good books, and that the satisfaction which arises from combining religion with a pursuit not entirely disagreeable is great, harmless, and easily obtained, is a statement which it is possible, and not uncharitable, to make with partial irony, and which, at the same time, it would show a great want of human sympathy to refuse to acknowledge with some degree of sincerity as well. Thousands of people whose lives would put most of us to shame make such writings as these their relaxation; and it is a better one than reading the *Record*. If the taste exhibited in them is not below the average, and if the spirit in which they are couched is certainly pious, we may ridicule a little, but we may also partly admire, the feeling of a satisfied intellect and conscience with which the book is perused. We must confess, also, that Mr. Hankinson's poems are better than many which are generally to be found in its company. Those who are acquainted with the dreary rhymes which flow so copiously from the minor bards of a religious party will be glad in heart that they are sometimes relieved by the appearance of a writer in whom carelessness of fancy and tameness of thought has its good as well as its bad side. Lastly, the popularity of Mr. Hankinson may be accounted for by the same consideration which explains the eagerness with which the audience listened in a Greek theatre to the twice-told tales of their mythology. An old story in a new guise—a catastrophe with which we are familiar dressed up in a way which declares freshness of thought—is sure to enrapture a childish auditor, and will commend itself very strongly to the average intellect of men. In the same way, no verses are more popular than those on which the cadence falls on a well-known name. Bishop Heber's poems are deservedly esteemed, but their chief power lies in the clever adaptation to the metre of well-known titles and phrases. Sometimes Mr. Hankinson carries this little affectation to the verge of absurdity. The coming of the angel in *Ishmael* is thus described:—

A soft, sweet burst of light!
A rush of dazzling wings!
A voice like that which at deep midnight
Sweeps o'er Æolian strings!
A voice, whose well-remembered tone
Heralded peace, and hope, and joy!
'Twas he who erst had heard her moan!
'Twas he of Beer-la-hai-roi!

Here the strangeness of the final name no more jars upon the ear of the sympathizing reader than upon Mr. Hankinson the fact that the structure of the word which he has adopted for the sake of the metre is entirely arbitrary, and that its first and last members have as good a right, and a better, to be broken into dissyllables than the third, which was itself in reality pronounced very nearly as a diphthong.

For ourselves, we can but say of such attempts at the versification of Hebrew legends that to us they are almost universally unsatisfactory. Most of these stories are sufficiently tender and passionate in their original guise, and the narrative is weakened and the reader bewildered by the introduction of extraneous matter. The picture of Jephthah's daughter in the "Dream of Fair Women" succeeds well, because it is so fragmentary and so short a sketch, and because the writer has adhered so closely to the words of the sacred history. Mr. Browning, in "Saul," gives a vigorous and delightful poem, but he has wisely attempted no detailed narrative; and even what we have is spoiled by the reflection that it is not likely to be a true representation of the song described. We despair of seeing a completely satisfactory rendering in poetry of ancient Hebrew life, simply on the ground that we know little of what Hebrew life was, and can only at best form a partial idea of Hebrew thought; but if the attempt to grasp the old Semitic character is to be made in modern times at all, it can hardly be made with success by a gentleman who, with smoothness and occasional prettiness of manner, is without vivid force of imagination and has little critical ability. There remains for him the consolation that such success is not necessary to the good opinion of those who will chiefly read his books, and that it is possible to be at once weak in discrimination and humble in genius, and, at the same time, the idol of right-minded ladies and the greatest of Seatonian prizemen.

LORD BROUGHAM AS A LAW REFORMER.*

IT is very difficult to assign to any living reformer the precise position which the more accurate judgment of posterity will accord, and we are by no means sure that it is desirable to make the attempt. The practice of publishing complete or partial biographies of living celebrities is rarely excusable, and never very useful; and we should be sorry to see it become more general than it is. An exception may with some reason be made with respect to naval and military commanders, whose exploits

enter so largely into the external history of a nation. The military biographies of the Duke of Wellington which were so freely published some years before his death, were often rather histories of campaigns than personal narratives of the commander who had planned and executed them. To such compilations the obvious objections to writing a man's life before its conclusion scarcely apply. The same apology may, to some extent, be urged in defence of political biographies; but when the difficulty is considered of steering an even course between extravagant adulation and party rancour, it would perhaps be as well if the friends and the enemies of living statesmen would allow their reputations to await in peace the final appeal to posterity by which they must at last be measured. Sir J. Eardley-Wilmot has not been deterred by such considerations as these from the attempt to write a sort of legal biography of Lord Brougham. The purpose was to some extent disguised in the first instance, and the sketch of Lord Brougham's career as a law reformer, which is now published as an independent work, originally appeared only as an introduction to an enormous volume, in which all the successful and inchoate legislation in which Lord Brougham took part is brought together in the shape of a reprint of the Acts of Parliament which he passed, and the Bills which he introduced.

A man's work is his best memorial, and the idea of doing honour to a statesman by collecting his contributions to the legislation of his age is so far a happy one. But beyond the merit of the original conception, we cannot give Sir John Eardley-Wilmot much credit for the compilation which he has published of Lord Brougham's Acts and Bills. With the most fervent admiration for his hero's indefatigable, and often successful exertions in the amendment of the law, the learned judge of the Bristol County Court has scarcely done justice to his theme. He says himself, in his preface, what it is becoming too much the fashion for authors and editors to say with all the complacency in the world—that he has not dealt with the task he has undertaken in a manner worthy of the subject. But this is not the kind of publication which entitles an author to quote the hackneyed passage, "Edidi quæ potui, non ut volui, sed ut me temporis angustie coegerunt." Sir John informs us truly enough, if we may judge from internal evidence, that he has only been able to devote to the work the brief intervals of relaxation snatched from a laborious office; and on such grounds he begs the indulgence of the public and the profession to which he belongs for all errors and shortcomings. The plea for indulgence is not admissible. If a man undertakes to erect a memorial, whether in stone or printer's ink, the first condition is that he should be equal to the task, lest he do injustice to his hero. In other labours, defects of workmanship may be pardoned, but those who take upon themselves to set up monuments should be more than ordinarily scrupulous as to every detail. Better no memorial at all than an ill-designed or ill-executed one; and Lord Brougham's great reputation deserved to be commemorated by a more accurate and less inflated eulogist than Sir John Eardley-Wilmot.

The mass of the legislative reforms which we owe to Lord Brougham, more especially in the various departments of the law, is so surprising that one can scarcely credit the extent to which our present system of jurisprudence bears the impress of his hand. From the day when Henry Brougham passed his first memorable bill through Parliament, by which the slave-trade was declared to be felony, down to the last movement for legal reform, his assiduity has never flagged. Professional demands upon his energies, and excursions of greater or less depth into every department of science and literature, have always seemed to leave him ample time for pursuing the great work of his life—the improvement of the principles and practice of the administration of justice. Of all the important changes which have been made in our legal system during the last half-century, there are very few with which the name of Lord Brougham is not in some measure associated, and the number of reforms which he may justly call his own form a progeny such as no other statesman can boast.

The indefatigable temper which cannot rest a moment after an achievement without finding a new subject on which to work with increasing energy, is not one of those qualities which most conduce to contemporary fame, and Sir Eardley-Wilmot is probably right in thinking that Lord Brougham has not yet received the full measure of justice and appreciation which his labours will at a future day command. If the more striking passages in Lord Brougham's career as a reformer of the law had been relieved by intervals of inaction, it might have gained in dramatic effect, even by the sacrifice of some measures of admitted utility. A man cannot be always active without occasionally occupying himself with small matters, and associating himself with the labours of small men. The minor alterations of the law to which Lord Brougham devoted himself in the intervals between his more important efforts will fall into a duly subordinate place when history shall form a deliberate estimate of the legal reforms of the present century, and shall award to every actor in the drama his due meed of praise. A dead man is judged by his greatest acts, but a living one is more commonly estimated by his average performances; and any statesman who is more desirous of securing reputation than of doing work will be careful not to make himself too prominent in connexion with matters of trifling moment, or to associate himself too closely with societies which occasionally give as much amusement as instruction to the public.

* *Lord Brougham's Law Reforms.* By Sir J. Eardley-Wilmot, Bart. London: Longmans.

Incidental circumstances of this kind can have only a temporary influence; but while they make it almost impossible for a man of universal activity to figure as a hero in his own age, they render it the more injudicious on the part of his friends to erect his pedestal before the customary time. By a rather bold stretch of fancy, Sir Eardley-Wilmot has persuaded himself that the measures introduced and carried for the suppression of the slave-trade, the encouragement of education, and other kindred subjects, may properly be included in an enumeration of Lord Brougham's law reforms. Every statute which amends anything is certainly in one sense a reform of the law, and an Act which made slave-trading felony, may, in a still more technical sense, be termed a reform of the criminal law. But what people commonly understand by law reform is the amendment of the legal machinery by which the rights of individuals are regulated and protected. Law Reform proper was not the first legislative subject to which Lord Brougham addressed himself. It is now nearly fifty years since he succeeded in passing his first bill for the repression of the slave-trade, and there are very few years since that time in which we do not find a record of some Act or Bill which was the fruit of his untiring industry.

What strikes one most in glancing through the series of actual or intended statutes which Sir Eardley-Wilmot has collected, is that notwithstanding the vast amount of finished work which Lord Brougham has turned out, the value of his labours can be much more fairly appreciated by looking to what he has suggested than by weighing what he has done. There is scarcely any subject of our modern reforming energy which was not broached by Lord Brougham long before the time when the country became ripe for the reform. Take, for example, the law of libel. It was not till 1843 that the old principle "the greater the truth the greater the libel," was weeded out of the law by Lord Campbell's Act; but Lord Brougham had introduced a Bill as early as 1816 with substantially the same object, and had kept the subject before the public until the reform he aimed at was in great part obtained. No part of our legal procedure has been more radically changed than the law of evidence. The old theory which excluded every witness who could be supposed to have the slightest interest in a cause remained intact until the first breach was made by Lord Denman's cautious Act in 1843; but as early as 1828 Lord Brougham had joined the reformers, who insisted on the admission even of the parties to the cause, and after a lapse of more than twenty years he succeeded in carrying the Bill by which courts of justice were at last thrown open to the reception of the truth, even though it should come from the lips of a party to the litigation.

The memorable speech with which Lord Brougham in 1828 assumed the leadership of the cause of law reform is even more striking to read now than it could have seemed to the hearers who were startled by its energetic denunciations of the faults which deformed the administration of justice. It supplies the key note of all his subsequent labours, and contains a prophetic enumeration of the most important reforms which have since that time been carried into effect. The immediate result of Lord Brougham's agitation of the subject was the appointment of the Common Law and Real Property Commissions, from whose recommendations a large proportion of our modern reforms have sprung. There is scarcely a branch of law reform to which Lord Brougham has not contributed something of actual legislation; but his great glory is to have been a law reformer when almost all lawyers were obstinately conservative, and to have done more than any one else by his exertions, in and out of Parliament, to set the stone rolling which has crushed a multitude of abuses, and promises to dispose of all that remain. Sir J. Eardley-Wilmot has justly dwelt on this as the most remarkable part of Lord Brougham's career; but not content with giving to his idol the credit which belongs to him of originating many reforms, and giving an early support to those which had been suggested by others, he has laboured with an almost childish ambition to swell the bulk of the volume in which Lord Brougham's legislative creations are contained. With the sternest determination to limit his collection to those measures which could properly be claimed by Lord Brougham as his own, the compiler might have found enough upon his hands to satiate even his unbounded admiration. But as if the sole object of the publication were to show how big a book could be made out of Lord Brougham's bills, Sir Eardley has added a number of Acts which no more belong to Lord Brougham than they do to his editor. To mention one instance only—the *Trustee Act*, was the work of Mr. Headlam, and whatever support Lord Brougham may have given to it, we are quite sure that with all the wealth of legislation with which he can surround himself, he would never dream of robbing poor Mr. Headlam of his one title deed to fame; yet Sir Eardley-Wilmot quietly registers the *Trustee Act* as one of Lord Brougham's successful measures, without so much as mentioning the name of its real author. The little extravagances of zeal which betray themselves in small artifices of this kind, and in the accumulation of powerful epithets, will not detract from the substantial value of the record of Lord Brougham's labours, but they do suggest grave doubts whether the publication was altogether desirable, and whether the editor was quite fitted to discharge the rather difficult and delicate duty which he has assumed.

SOURCES OF THE NILE.*

THE great Nile puzzle is very near the end of its career. It has furnished occupation for twenty centuries of explorers, but its mystery has shrunk into a very small compass now. The geographers have surrounded it on all sides, like a hunted beast of prey, and are drawing the circle closer and closer, so that it cannot long escape. Successive generations of discoverers have pushed the pursuit of it from the Egyptian side further and further, till they have reached within three or four hundred miles of where Captains Burton and Speke have cut it off on the south. On the east, towards the Indian Ocean, Captain Short has established a barrier in the shape of a range of snowy mountains presumed to be Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, and even in the vast unexplored West the indefatigable Dr. Barth has ascertained a definite though distant limit to the possible area of its drainage. With the facilities which commerce and science have placed at the command of explorers, the last blow to the enigma of so many centuries cannot be long delayed. A tract of country six hundred miles long by four hundred broad seems now to include all the localities in which the sources of the Nile can by any possibility be found. To track the river through a region of this extent does not seem a task that ought to set our adventurous geographers very long at defiance. In the meantime, before the subject has lost all the mystery which gives it an interest, Dr. Beke presents us with a learned history of past efforts, and an exact description of the condition in which the enterprise of discovery finds itself at the present moment.

One of the difficulties that lie at the threshold of the undertaking is the difficulty of defining what the Nile is whose source is to be discovered. There is but one true Nile, but there are many spurious pretenders to that dignity; and scientific men not only have not found the true fountain-head of the river, but they are not agreed upon the characters by which it is to be distinguished when it is found. More than one geographer or explorer has pointed out the source with great confidence to the world, and then it has been discovered that he had not got hold of the true Nile, but only of a counterfeit. The Nile which irrigates Egypt is composed, like most other rivers, of the waters, not of one, but of several fountain-heads; and each of the confluent streams which go to make up its stream has been successively honoured with the coveted title of the Nile. Fortunately for the peace of the scientific world, its confluent rivers are very few. For thirteen hundred miles from the Mediterranean it maintains its stream under the burning sky of Egypt and Nubia without the assistance of a single tributary; and for two thousand miles from its mouth it has not a single tributary on the western side. On the eastern or Red Sea side, however, three rivers pour their waters into its bed; and each of these has been successively honoured as the head stream of the Nile. The traveller ascending the stream comes first to the Black River, which takes its rise in the mountains of Abyssinia that almost overhang the Red Sea, and which Cosmas Indicopleustes, and all writers up to the eleventh century, together with the inhabitants of Egypt themselves, looked upon as the true Nile. Following what is called the main stream, the traveller next comes at the town of Khartum to a confluence of two rivers, which have received from the natives the names of the Blue River and the White River. The Blue River, which is the Eastern or Abyssinian branch of the fork, is the Nile of the Jesuit missionaries and of Bruce. It also takes its rise in the mountains of Abyssinia, and has been explored up to its source. But it is no longer allowed to be the true Nile. With modern geographers the White River is at present in favour. It is even honoured with the name of the White Nile. It flows, with sundry meanderings, from the far South; and its source has not yet been discovered, though exploration has been pushed to within four degrees of the Equator. Captain Speke imagined that in discovering Lake Nyanza he had discovered its real fountain-head. But his companion, Captain Burton, is amiably zealous in casting doubt upon this achievement; and even Dr. Beke, who has no personal reminiscences of travel to avenge, seems to think that the fluctuation reported of the stream of the White Nile rather argues a mountain torrent than the outlet of so large a reservoir as Lake Nyanza. It is likely, therefore, that a water-shed will be discovered by some future traveller in the narrow strip which separates the north of Lake Nyanza from the southernmost point to which the explorers of the White Nile have reached. But the catalogue of claimants is not yet exhausted. Lower down on the White Nile than the extreme point of exploration, yet very far above its junction with the Blue River, it is joined by two other streams, one flowing from the east, and the other from the west. The first of them, named Tefi, or Godjeb, has, apparently without much reason, been lately promoted to the honour of originating the Nile by an ingenious Frenchman. The western stream is perfectly unexplored. There are mysterious reports of a vast lake to the south-west, in which it takes its rise. Dr. Beke doubts whether, within the ascertained limits of the basin of the Nile, there is room for the collection of a very large river in the west. But it is manifest that, until the claims of this obscure pretender are cleared up, no other candidate is safe in his position.

* *The Sources of the Nile.* By Charles T. Beke. London: Madden. 1860.

The principles on which one affluent is selected rather than another for the honour of being called the main stream, are not very easy to determine. But as far as the qualities go which have given to the Nile an historical and political importance, the real Nile is the lowest affluent of all—the Black River, the Nile of Cosmas Indicopleustes. It bears down into the main stream that vast treasure of rich, greasy, black mud, with which every inundation of the Nile enriches the plains of Egypt. The worship which the grateful Egyptian paid to the Father of rivers was due, not to the mightier streams of the South, but to the comparatively insignificant tributary on the borders of Abyssinia. The inhabitants of an earlier date were perfectly aware of this. There always existed in ancient times a tradition that the Abyssinians possessed the means of shutting off the waters of the Nile, and turning them into the Red Sea. It was supposed to give them the power of dictating at will to the inhabitants of Egypt by the threat of utter and irreparable ruin. So strongly was this belief entertained, that the celebrated Albuquerque actually proposed to Manuel of Portugal to annihilate Egypt in this manner. When first the discovery of the passage round the Cape began to injure the trade of the Venetians, they made strenuous efforts to sustain the competition, by helping the Mahometan ruler of Egypt to build a fleet of traders in the Red Sea. Albuquerque's idea was to checkmate this device by the destruction of Egypt. In modern times it has been ridiculed as one of those engineering day-dreams in which clever men who are not engineers occasionally indulge—like the submersion of the plain of Damascus, or the ruin of the English climate by the diversion of the Gulf Stream into the Pacific. But in truth it was a very practical, though a very ferocious, proposal. The natural barrier between the lower part of the Black River and the slope which leads down into the Red Sea is a very slender one; and on the eastern side of it there is a river, the Khor-El-Gash, flowing down into the Red Sea, and rising so near to the Black River that the winter inundations often connect their waters. Experiments actually made during the war of 1840 prove that the watershed might easily be cut, and the flow of water turned from one side of it to the other. If that were done, a vast mass of water, its dirtiest and richest, would be subtracted from the Nile. It is very doubtful whether, so weakened, the great river would be able to maintain its annual inundations; and it is almost certain that in any case that inundation would be robbed of the greater part of its suspended manure. It was therefore with some justice that older geographers invested the Black River with the dignity of being the real Nile. It seems hard that the title should be transferred to the poor and unprofitable White River, simply on account of a greater length of course.

There must be something very unfavourable to the temper in the African climate, for the *odium geographicum* in its most virulent form appears to be chronic in African explorers. No one who has read Captain Burton's last book will require to be reminded of the vehemence with which he pursues the memory of his guides, his guards, his companion, his protectors, and his Government. He had, at all events, the excuse of being still a sufferer from two years' continuous low fever. There is no evidence to show that Dr. Beke is not enjoying the best possible health; yet, in this thin book of 150 pages, he contrives to introduce at least two scientific quarrels, besides an occasional parenthetical snarl. The quarrels are characteristic of the "irritable race." One of them is with an English writer, named Cooley, and the momentous issue at stake between the combatants is the origin of the name of the Mountains of the Moon. Dr. Beke thinks that Ptolemy's informants really meant Moon, and nothing else; while Mr. Cooley, who has discovered in his Arabic vocabulary something far more recondite than Moon, makes himself very merry with what he sportively terms Dr. Beke's "lunatic theory." The Doctor is not the man to sit down under this witticism, and, accordingly, he annihilates Mr. Cooley with a dozen pages of refutation and sundry very polite insinuations. His other antagonist comes off in still more evil case. M. Antoine d'Abbadie, a Frenchman of an imaginative turn of mind, had the audacity to fix the source of the Nile at the head of the Godjeb, the third of the Eastern affluents we have enumerated, and to profess himself to have visited it. The offence was a very serious one, as tending to bring the geographical theory of main streams in general, and Nilotic exploration in particular, into contempt with the unlearned. Dr. Beke could think of no more fitting punishment than that which was meted out to Bruce, who committed the analogous offence of calling the Blue River the Nile; and, accordingly, Dr. Beke sat down, and in the frankest way in the world wrote a book to avow his belief that M. d'Abbadie had never travelled at all into the country which he professed to have explored. M. d'Abbadie has not submitted to this summary extinguisher; and the only result of the Doctor's well-meant efforts is that he is at death-feud with the French Geographical Society, who have taken up the matter as a national question, and believe in M. d'Abbadie as they believe in M. de Lesseps. These controversies are pleasant reading, for most of us have become too indolent for such lively polemics in these spiritless days. It is a consolation to find a corner of the literary world in which the old quarrels of authors live again in all their olden glory.

THE CHRONICLE OF MAN AND THE SUDREYS.*

IT is not very creditable to English historical students that the only complete editions of the curious *Chronicon Mannie* (preserved among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum) have been published in Denmark and Norway respectively. An abridged form of this Chronicle appeared in Camden's *Britannia*, whence it has been copied more than once into historical collections. But the document first saw the light as a whole in Johnstone's *Antiquitates Cello-Normannica*, published at Copenhagen in 1786; and now that very incorrect and unscholarlike edition has been superseded by a new one which appears, under the editorial care of Professor Munch, among the *Scripta Academica* of the University of Christiania for the present year. It is a fact of considerable interest that the learned editor, with the sanction of the University of which he is an ornament, has chosen the English language for the prolegomena and notes with which the volume now before us is enriched. Professor Munch explains this by remarking that all his countrymen who are likely to take an interest in such subjects are able to read English, while, on the other hand, a knowledge of the Norwegian language is a very rare accomplishment among Englishmen. It is quite true that our Scandinavian scholars are very few in number, to the great loss of accuracy and fulness of detail in our knowledge of our own early history. Much light remains to be thrown upon the ancient history of the British Isles from the literature and annals of the Northern nations. And Professor Munch has some right to taunt us with the general ignorance on the subject which prevails even among educated Englishmen. We are the more glad, therefore, to be able to recommend to those of our readers who may take an interest in these matters the present useful and timely work of the distinguished Norwegian historian whose name it bears; and we shall rejoice if his labours conduce to the better understanding among us of those early passages of our history in which his countrymen bore so conspicuous a part. At any rate, he will probably succeed in clearing up some of the confused ideas which, as he justly complains, prevail among British scholars as to the distinction between Danes and Norwegians. Professor Munch can scarcely repress his indignation that some of our better writers—such as Lord Hailes, for example—attribute the famous battle of Largs to a Danish King, instead of a Norwegian one; and he is bitterly sarcastic upon those who persist in regarding ancient pagan cromlechs or cairns as monuments of his Christian countrymen of the thirteenth century. Accordingly, he takes occasion, from the brief notice in the text of the present Chronicle, under the year 1263, that "*Haco rex Norwegie venit ad partes Scotie et nihil expediens reversus est ad Orades*," to give a full history of the transaction, compiled from the Saga of Hacon and other sources. Defending Hacon from the charge of duplicity, he describes the course of the expedition from Bergen to Shetland, and thence to the coast of Ayr, with 160 ships and 20,000 men. Instead of a thorough rout of the invaders by the King of Scotland, Alexander III., Professor Munch describes the battle of Largs as little more than a reverse, the Scots being aided by an opportune tempest which seriously damaged the Norwegian fleet. This, however, is probably an exaggeration on the other side; for the substantial results of the battle were the immediate withdrawal of the invading force, and the abandonment, within three years, of the Norwegian pretensions to the Scottish islands. This is recorded in the *Chronicon Mannie* under the year 1266:—*Translatum est regnum Mannie et Insularum ad Alexandrum regem Scottorum*. Professor Munch is right, however, in asserting that Hacon's expedition was not a mere piratical descent, as is usually supposed, but a regular proceeding in a formal war between the Scotch kingdom and the Norwegian colonies of Man and the Isles. He is welcome, also, to make merry at the superficial writers who speak of the "warlike" Haco as "the last of the Vikings," in utter ignorance that this Christian monarch was distinguished for every kingly virtue except that of military prowess, and that the Vikings belonged only to the Danish branch of the Scandinavian family. Sir Walter Scott is taken to task for annotating his lines, in *Marmion*—

There floated Haco's banners trim
Above Norwegian warriors grim,

with the statement that the Ayrshire barrows, containing bones and urns, are memorials of this battle. It cannot be denied that the poet either forgot the date of the battle of Largs, or really supposed that the Norwegians of the thirteenth century were still pagans. This popular error has been already exposed by Dr. Wilson in his *Archæology of Scotland*, who remarks that all the cists, tumuli, cairns, and sepulchral relics which are found on the Ayrshire and Argyllshire coasts are attributed to Hacon's expedition; "as if it were a well-authenticated fact that no one had died, from the days of Noah to our own, but at the battle of Largs."

This may be taken as a specimen of the kind of correction of our popular histories which a better acquaintance with Scandinavian literature would give. To many readers it will seem scarcely credible that the Isle of Man and the Hebrides formed part of the Norwegian kingdom for more than three centuries.

* *Chronica Regum Mannie et Insularum*. The Chronicle of Man and the Sudreys. Edited from the Manuscript Codex in the British Museum, and with Historical Notes, by P. A. Munch, Professor of History in the Royal University of Christiania. Christiania. 1860.

and as late as the year 1266. Professor Munch calls attention to the fact that the first Norwegian colonizers of Iceland did not go out immediately from the mother country, but from the western islands of Scotland, where they had found a temporary resting-place. He supposes, also, that the Norwegian kingdoms of Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick were founded by settlers from the Hebrides. In the Orkneys and Shetland the Norwegian element altogether absorbed the Gaelic population, but in Man it only partially affected it. Following Mr. Worsaae, our author insists on the importance of our learning to distinguish between the Danish settlers along the east coast of England and the Norwegian immigrants in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Fergusson has the credit of being the first to point out that there are strong traces in Cumberland and Westmoreland of a Norwegian admixture. And Professor Munch goes on to express his belief that it will be proved by further ethnological and philological inquiries that his own countrymen from the west, and their Danish kinsmen from the east, pushed on respectively, in the north of England, until they coalesced "into one political and national body," to the almost entire exclusion of the former possessors of the soil. He adopts the conclusion that the settlers in Normandy belonged to the Danish branch, although their kings were Norwegians, and surmises that Rollo himself had in his youth frequently visited the islands belonging to Norway on the west of Great Britain.

The Sagas do not seem to afford any very trustworthy information as to the first foundation of the Norwegian settlements in the Isles. The general account is that the first colonists were emigrants who were discontented with the strong government of Harold. At last these settlers became powerful enough to annoy the mother country, whereupon Harold, in a great expedition (about A.D. 870), conquered Orkney, Shetland, the Western Islands and Man, and added them to his hereditary dominion. Those of the Western Islands which have not retained their original Gaelic names are still known by the Norwegian ones given to them by their later occupants. Among these are Lewis, which is the Norwegian *Ljóðhus* (the sounding-house), called *Leodus* in the present Chronicle; the Huists, North and South, is from *Ivist* (the dwelling); Skye, which is *Skieð* (a piece of board); Ulva, which is *Ulfey* (Wolf's-isle); and Staffa, which is *Stafey* (the island of staves), so called from its basaltic columns. Many other names are to be accounted for in the same way; as is also the fashion of calling a small island, when adjacent to a large one, the *Calf* of the latter. Thus *Mylarkalfr* is now known as the Calf of Mull. The Isle of Man, in spite of the predominance of the Celtic element in its population, retains many Norwegian names of places. Professor Munch offers an interpretation of the Runic inscriptions which are found on many of the crosses in the Manx churchyards, as at Kirk Michael, Ballaugh, and Kirk Braddan. They are written, he says, in a corrupt Norse dialect, one-half of the proper names being purely Celtic. It is well known that the Manxmen have preserved, even to our own days, the outward form of a political Constitution which was organized by the Norwegians wherever they formed settlements. The place where the islanders meet annually for purposes of government is still called the Tynwald, that is, *Thingvöllr*, "field of the Thing, or Parliament." Professor Munch, by the way, speaks in high terms of Mr. Cumming's *History of the Isle of Man*.

The political dependence of these islands upon Norway ended, as we have seen, in 1266, though, in ecclesiastical respects, the connexion lasted for about a century longer. Our author feels a natural pride in the recollection that the naval power of Norway was strong enough to keep these colonial possessions for so long a period. The text of the Chronicle itself seems to be well edited and copiously illustrated. We cannot, however, altogether justify the arbitrary invention of the new word *Sudreys* as the proper English name of the Western Islands. Professor Munch carefully eschews the use of the word Hebrides, in which he declares the syllable *bri* is nothing more than a misreading of *bu* in the word *Hebuda* used by the ancient Latin writers. Accordingly he proposes the form *Sudreys*, meaning Southern Islands, as being in strict analogy with *Orkneys*. As Orkneys comes from *Orkneyjar*, so he would derive *Sudreys* from the Norwegian *Sudreyjar*. The latter Norse word was Latinized into *Soderenses* or *Sodorenenses*, which is familiar to us in the title of the Bishop of Sodor and Man. Thus the *insula* mentioned in the title of the *Chronicon Mannie et Insularum* are generally called *Sodorenenses* in the Latin text. We cannot think that the word *Sudreys* is likely to be adopted. Professor Munch had better have said "the Isles," or "the Southern Isles," if he had not ventured—as we think would have been the best course—to say at once "the Chronicle of Sodor and Man." Our author speaks strongly of the word Sodor being "a ridiculous addition" to the style of the modern Bishop of Man. We do not know that there is any harm in the retention of a title which connects the see with its ancient dignity. It is rather curious that the very same islands figure to this day in the name of another diocese—that of Argyll and "the Isles." We do not know whether the transfer was made at the time when the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Man ceased over the Sodor. The *Chronicon Mannie* ends abruptly, in 1364, with the consecration of Bishop John Donkan. Professor Munch, by exploring an almost unknown mine of historical information—the secret archives of the Vatican, to which he obtained access by the kindness of Father Theiner—has ascertained

that as late as 1374 the Bishop of Man was considered to be a suffragan of the Archbishop of Nidaros in Norway. Indeed he argues, from various lists of sees preserved in the Vatican, that this ecclesiastical relation lasted till 1472, when the See of St. Andrew's was made metropolitan by Sextus IV. An appendix contains a large number of most curious rescripts and documents now first printed from the Roman archives. We must express a most earnest hope that the treasures of the Vatican Archives will be thrown open to historical students, now that their keeper, Father Theiner, himself a distinguished historian, has courteously allowed Professor Munch to inspect them. It is quite impossible to overrate the importance of many of the documents which are likely to be found among those records. The extracts which Professor Munch has made add to the already great value of his present contribution to British history. In conclusion, we have only to observe that the author's English is so good that, except for a few strangely used epithets and some mis-spellings, the language would not be recognised as that of a foreigner. And for these every allowance must be made as the work was not corrected by the author himself, having been written in Rome, though printed at Christiania. We are sorry not to be able to name an English publisher from whom this most interesting volume might be procured.

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